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FOR

CONFERENCE & PRAYER MEETINGS

AND FOR

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“Praise ye the Lord.”

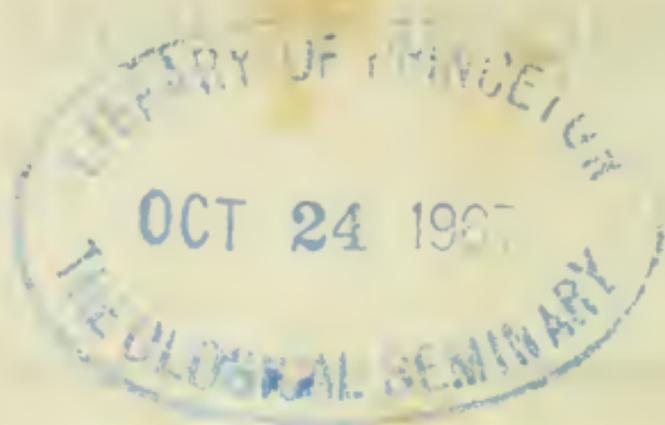
FIFTH EDITION.

DOVER:

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P R E F A C E .

The Trustees have been induced to publish this work by the urgent call of our denomination for a collection of Hymns peculiarly adapted to Conference and Prayer Meetings. How far they have succeeded in meeting the necessity for a collection of Hymns of this kind, must be determined by that public to which this selection is now submitted.

Should this work prove a means of facilitating the offerings of praise and devotion, and in cherishing and elevating the piety of Christians, and of conveying truth to the hearts and understandings of the unconverted—of adding to the declarative glory of God,—then will the objects and desires of the publishers be accomplished.

In the present edition, some few hymns which appeared in the last edition are omitted, and others, thought to be preferable, inserted in their place. A few choruses have been attached to other hymns, and some other slight alterations made.

Dover, Feb. 1842.

H Y M N S .

1

C. M.

The Christian Soldier.

AM I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign!
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine,
 In robes of victory through the skies—
 The glory shall be thine.

2

C. M.

Looking at the Cross.

- I**N evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear;
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies and blood;
 Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
 Can I forget that look;
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
 And plunged me in despair;
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said,
 "I freely all forgive;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid;
 I die, that thou may'st live."
- 6 Thus while his death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
 Such are the mysteries of his grace
 It seals a pardon too.

3

L. M.
The Way.

JESUS my all to heaven has gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.

CHORUS.

I'm happy now and I shall be then,
 If I hold out to my journey's end.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The King's high way of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long had been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more,
 Till late I heard my Savior say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way!"
- 5 Lo glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
 Shall take me to thee, whose I am:
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Now will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Savior I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God!"

4

L. M.

I LOVE my Lord, I love his laws,
 Halle O hallelujah,
 I love religion's blessed cause;
 Glory O hallelujah,
 I love his faithful children too,
 Halle O hallelujah,
 I love his precious will to do,
 Glory O hallelujah.

- 2 I love this narrow happy way,
 I love to watch, I love to pray;
 I love the crown, I love the cross,
 I love the gold without the dross.
- 3 I love to shout, I love to sing,
 I love to praise my heavenly King;
 I love my Lord, I know I do,
 I love the souls that he loves too.
- 4 I love his saints that are below,
 I love the precious sinner too:
 I love those who have gone before,
 I love my Jesus more and more.

5

P. M.

HOW precious is the name, brethren sing, brethren sing,
 How precious is the name, brethren sing,
 How precious is the name of Christ our Paschal Lamb,
 Who bore our sin and shame, on the tree, on the tree.

- 2 I've given all for Christ, he's my all, he's my all,
 I've given all for Christ, he's my all;
 I've given all for Christ, and my spirit cannot rest,
 Unless he's in my breast, reigning there, reigning
 there.
- 3 His easy yoke I'll bear, with delight, with delight,
 His easy yoke I'll bear, with delight,
 His easy yoke I'll bear, and his cross I will not fear,
 His name I will declare evermore, evermore.
- 4 I feel the love of God in my soul, in my soul,
 I feel the love of God in my soul,
 I feel the love of God, in my heart 'tis shed abroad,
 And I will serve my God here below, here below.

6 ^{7s.} *Darkness of the tomb scattered by Christ.*

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
 Jesus scatters all its gloom!
 Day of triumph! through the skies,
 See the glorious Savior rise!

CHORUS.

Victory! O victory!
 When we gain the victory,
 O how happy we shall be
 When we gain the victory.

- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scattered shade;
 Drive your anxious cares away;
 See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
 Chase your unbelieving fears;
 Look on his deserted grave;
 Doubt no more his power to save.

7

P. M.

COME all ye sons of Zion,
Who are waiting for salvation,
Have your lamps trimm'd and burning,
For behold the proclamation ;
Saying all things now are ready,
For the poor and for the needy ;
All my fatlings now are killed,
And prepared on the table.

2 Arise and get ready,
Hasten to the marriage supper,
While the bridegroom is calling,
And poor sinners are falling.
See the Lord of life descending,
And the judgment trumpet sounding,
To gather all the nations,
To the final judgment day.

3 O, what a happy meeting,
When salvation is completed,
And all tribulation ended,
And the spotless robe prepared,
For the bride to be adorned,
In the jasper walls be crowned,
Singing worthy is the Lamb,
In the New Jerusalem.

4 O sinners don't be doubting,
While the sons of God are shouting,
Come and join the happy army,
Then there's nothing that will harm you,
If you follow Christ the Savior,

And break off your bad behavior,
 And repent and be converted,
 You will sing his praises too.

8

L. M.

PRAY on, my brethren in the Lord ;
 Pray till you feel the power of God ;
 Pray till he drive your doubts away ;
 Pray till you see the gospel day.

2 Pray for the mourners ; see their grief ;
 Pray till their souls shall find relief ;
 Pray for the wicked every where ;
 Pray that your garments may be clear.

3 Soon you shall have your hearts' desire ;
 Our God will answer as by fire :
 You'll see th' effect of fervent prayer,
 In the abundant grace you share.

9

P. M.

SAW ye my Savior ! Saw ye my Savior !
 Saw ye my Savior the Lord !
 O he died on Calvary,
 To atone for you and me,
 And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, he was extended,
 Painfully nail'd to the cross ;
 There he bow'd his head and died,
 There my Lord was crucified,
 To atone for a world that was lost.

- 3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain;
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews erueifi'd the dear Lamb.
- 4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Day was concealed o'er the land;
And the sun refused to shine,
While his Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.
- 5 When it was finished, when it was finished
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalmed in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.
- 6 Hail mighty Savior, Hail mighty Savior,
Prince and the author of Peace,
Soon he burst the bands of death,
And triumphant, from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.
- 7 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "See my hands and side,
Father, I was crucified
To redeem them, I pray thee forgive."
- 8 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them
When they repent and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

10

8s & 7s.

NOW behold the Savior pleading,
 At the sinner's bolted heart;
 Now in heaven he's interceding,
 Undertaking sinners' part.

CHORUS.

Sinners, can you hate the Savior?
 Will you thrust him from your arms?
 Once he died for your behavior—
 Now he calls you to his charms.

2 Sinners, hear your God and Savior,
 Hear his gracious voice to-day;
 Turn from all your vain behavior,
 O repent, return and pray.

3 O be wise before you languish
 On the bed of dying strife!
 Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
 Turn upon the events of life!

4 Now he's waiting to be gracious;
 Now he stands and looks on thee,
 See what kindness, love and pity,
 Shines around on you and me!

5 Open now your hearts before him,
 Bid the Savior welcome in;
 Now receive, and O, adore him;
 Take a full discharge from sin.

6 Come, for all things now are ready;
 Yet there's room for many more:
 O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
 Come to wisdom's boundless store.

11

Come ye Disconsolate.

COME ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
 Come, at the *mercy seat*, fervently kneel;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
 Earth has no sorrow, that Heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
 Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
 Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
 Come to the feast prepared,—come ever knowing
 Earth hath no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

12

P. M.

BRETHREN we have met for worship,
 And to adore the Lord our God;
 Will you pray with all your power,
 While we wait upon the Lord?
 All is vain unless the Spirit
 Of the Holy one comes down;
 Brethren pray, and heavenly manna
 Will be showered all around.

2 Don't you see poor sinners round you
 Slumbering on the brink of wo?
 Death is coming, hell is moving,
 Can you bear to let them go?
 See your fathers and your mothers,
 And your children sinking down—
 Brethren pray with all your power,
 And the blessing will come down.

- 3 Don't you see the poor backsliders,
 Who were once near heaven's door ;
 But they've wandered from the Savior,
 And are worse than e'er before.
 But the Savior offers pardon,
 If they will to him return ;
 Brethren pray with all your power,
 And the blessing will come down.
- 4 Sisters will you join and help us,
 Moses' sister helped him ;
 Will you seek the trembling mourners
 Who are struggling hard with sin ?
 Tell them all about the Savior,
 Tell them that he will be found ;
 Sisters pray with all your power,
 And the blessing will come down.
- 5 Let us love the Lord supremely,
 Let us love each other too ;
 Let us love and pray for sinners,
 Till the Lord creates them new.
 Soon he'll call us home to glory,
 At his table we'll sit down ;
 Christ will gird himself and serve us,
 With sweet manna all around.

13

C. P. M.

WHEN thou my righteous judge shall
 come,
 To call thy ransom'd people home ;
 Shall I among them stand ?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand ?

- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious throne to bow—
 Though weakest of them all,
 But can I bear the piercing thought,
 To have my worthless name left out,
 When thou for them shalt call?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace!
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
 In that expected day,
 Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear,
 To still each unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall I pray.
- 4 Among thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er th' Archangel's trump shall sound
 To see thy smiling face:
 Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing,
 While heav'n's resounding mansions ring,
 With shouts of boundless grace.

14

S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears,
 Angels with wonder see:
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul!
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep,
 Each sin demands a tear;
 In heaven alone no sin is found
 And there's no weeping there.

15

P. M.

GLORY to God that I have found,
 The pearl of my salvation,
 We are marching through Immanuel's
 ground,

Up to our heavenly station ;
 And I'm resolv'd to follow on,
 And never to forsake him,
 I'll always keep this narrow way,
 Till I do overtake him.

- 2 Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock,
 Heirs of immortal glory,
 You are built upon the surest rock,
 The kingdom lies before you :
 Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of grace,
 And tell the pleasing story,
 I'm always with my little flock,
 And will bring them home to glory.

16

P. M.

DARK and thorny is the desert
 Through which pilgrims make their
 way,

Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
 Lie the fields of endless day :
 Fiends loud howling through the desert
 Make them tremble as they go,
 And the fiery darts of satan
 Often bring their courage low.

- 2 O young soldiers, are you weary
 Of the roughness of the way?
 Does your strength begin to fail you?
 And your vigor to decay?
 Jesus, Jesus, will go with you;
 He will lead you to his throne;
 He who dy'd his garments for you,
 And the wine-press trod alone.
- 3 O their crowns, how bright they sparkle!
 Such as monarchs never wore:
 They are gone to richer pastures,
 Jesus is their shepherd there.
 Hail! ye happy, happy spirits,
 Death no more shall make you fear;
 Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
 Shall no more distress you there.

17

P. M.

The Pure Testimony.

- T**HE pure testimony, pour'd forth in the Spirit,
 Cuts like a keen two-edged sword;
 And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented,
 Because they're condemned by the word.
 The pure testimony discovers the dross,
 While wicked professors make light of the cross;
 And Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.
- 2 Is not the time come for the church to be gather'd
 Into the one spirit of God?
 Baptiz'd by one Spirit into the one body,
 Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood?
 They drink in one spirit which makes them all see
 They're one in Christ Jesus, wherever they be,
 The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.
- 3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,
 And let the world hear it again;
 O come ye from Babylon, Egypt and Sodom,

And make your way over the plain ;
 And gird on your armor, ye saints of the Lord ;
 For Christ shall direct you by his living word ;
 The pure testimony will cut like a sword.

- 4 The great prince of darkness is must'ring his forces,
 To make you his pris'ners again,
 By flat'ries, reproaches, and vile persecution,
 That you in his cause may remain :
 But shun his temptations, wherever they lay,
 And fear not his servants whatever they say ;
 The pure testimony will give you the day.
- 5 The world will not persecute those who are like
 them
 But hold them the same as their own ;
 The pure testimony cries up separation,
 And calls you your lives to lay down.
 Come out from their spirit and practices too,
 The track of the Savior keep still in your view ;
 The pure testimony will cut the way through.
- 6 The battle is coming between the two kingdoms,
 The armies will gather anon ;
 The pure testimony and vile persecution
 Will come to close battle ere long :
 Then wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,
 And walk in the spirit, as Jesus has done ;
 In pure testimony you will overcome.

18

P. M.

Precious Promiscs.

HOW firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
 What more can he say than to you he hath said ?
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

- 2 In every condition, in sickness and health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."
- 3 "Fear not I am with thee, O be not dismay'd ;
 I now am thy God and will still give thee aid ;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand,

- 4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall thy temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
He will not, He will not, desert to his foes ;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
He'll never—no never—no never forsake.

19

L. M.

- W**HERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their blessed Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace :
And offer solemn prayer and praise,
- 2 "There," saith the Savior, "will I be,
Amid this little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glory round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word ;
Now send thy spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

20

P. M.

COME my brethren let us try,
For a little season ;
Every burden to lay by,
Come and let us reason.

2 What is this that casts you down,
What is this that grieves you ?
Speak and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you.

3 Think on what your Savior bore,
In the gloomy garden ;
Sweating blood from every pore,
Crying, O my Father.

4 See him nailed to the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying ;
See he suffered this for thee,
Therefore be believing.

5 Joseph took his body down,
Shrouded it in linen ;
Laid it in the silent tomb,
And returned mourning.

6 Soon he rises from the tomb,
Angels fly from glory ;
O what glory shone around,
Hallelujah, glory.

7 Brethren, don't you feel the flame ?
Sisters, don't you love him ?
Let us join to praise his name ;
Let us never grieve him.

8 Soon we'll meet to part no more,
 Soon we'll be in heaven ;
 There to join with those above,
 And forever praise him.

21

P. M.

FROM whence doth this union arise,
 That hatred is conquered by love ?
 It fastens our souls in such ties,
 That nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
 Nor yet in a paradise lost ;
 It grows on Immanuel's ground,
 And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
 Our hearts all united in love,
 Where Jesus has gone we shall be,
 In yonder blest mansion above.

4 Then why so reluctant to part,
 Since we shall ere long meet again ?
 Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
 At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
 And join with the angels above,
 No longer confined to this clay,
 United with Jesus in love :

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
 And all his bright glory shall see,
 And sing, Hallelujah, Amen,
 Amen ! even so let it be.

22

P. M.

Pilgrim Stranger.

WHITHER goest thou pilgrim stranger,
 Wandering through this lonely vale?
 Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger?
 And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

No, I'm bound for the kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me?
 Hallelujah, O hallelujah,
 I'm bound for the kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me,
 Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

- 2 Pilgrim thou hast justly called me,
 Passing through this waste so wide;
 But no harm can e'er befall me,
 While I'm blessed with such a guide.
- 3 Such a guide! No guide attends thee,
 Hence for thee my fears arise;
 If some guardian power befriend thee,
 'Tis unseen by human eyes.
- 4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
 Such a guide my steps attend;
 He'll in every strait relieve me,
 He will guide me to the end.
- 5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
 Darkly winding through the vale;
 Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
 Would not then thy courage fail?

- 6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I'll bend ;
 Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
 There my pilgrimage will end.
- 7 While I gazed with speed surprising,
 Down the stream she plunged from sight ;
 Gazing still I saw her rising,
 Like an angel cloth'd with light.
- 8 Cease, my soul, this mourning, crying,
 Death will burst the sullen gloom ;
 Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,
 Will be borne beyond the tomb.

23

P. M.

Mutual Encouragement.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must but should not fear,
 Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
 One who loves us to the end ;
 Forward then with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

- 2 In the world a thousand snares
 Lay to take us unawares ;
 Satan with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart ;
 But from satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be,
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so apt to turn our feet—
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes we have within ;
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these ;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

24

L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky ;
 One star alone of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host from every gem ;
 But one alone the Savior speaks,
 It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease :
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem ;
 Forever and forevermore,
 The star—the star of Bethlehem.

25

S. M.

THE day is past and gone ;
 The evening shades appear ;
 O may we all remember well
 The night of death draws near.

- 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest ;
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears ;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
 And view the unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

26

11s.

The Bower of Prayer.

TO leave my dear friends and with neighbors to
 part,
 And go from my home affects not my heart,

Like the thought of absenting myself for a day
From that blest retreat where I've chosen to pray.

- 2 Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar have
spread
And woven their branches, a roof o'er my head ;
How oft have I knelt on the ever-green there,
And poured out my soul to my Savior in prayer.
- 3 The early shrill notes of a loved nightingale
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.
- 4 'Twas under the covert of that pleasant grove,
That Jesus my Savior my guilt did remove ;
Presented himself as the only true way
Of life and salvation and taught me to pray.
- 5 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine ;
But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.
- 6 For Jesus my Savior oft deigned me to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble retreat ;
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.
- 7 Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new ;
Well knowing my Savior resides every where,
And will in all places give answer to prayer.

27

C. M.

AS on the cross the Savior hung,
And wept and bled and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch,
That languished at his side :

- 2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed ;

- Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed.
- 3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n,
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.
- 4 Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death
And shine above the skies.
- 5 Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Savior think on me,
And in the victories of thy death
Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise.

28

C. M.
Jubilee.

- W**HAT heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free;
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
This is the Jubilee.
- 2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,
All round, from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole,
This is the Jubilee.
- 3 Good news, good news, to Adam's race,
Let Christians all agree

To sing redeeming love and grace,
This is the Jubilee.

4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace,
This is the Jubilee.

5 Jesus is on his mercy seat,
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the Jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return and come,
Unto the Savior flee;
The spirit bids you welcome home,
This is the Jubilee.

7 Come ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan sing
This is the Jubilee.

29

8s & 7s.

Grateful Recollection.

COME thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

CHORUS.

O 'tis all glory, glory; glory, O hallelujah,
We're going where pleasures never end—
O 'tis all glory, glory; glory, O hallelujah,
We're going where pleasures never die.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:

- Praise the mount, O fix me on it!—
Mount of God's unchanging love,
- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

30

S. M.

- COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was design'd,
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

- 4 The men of grace have found,
 Glory begun below,
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields,
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

31

L. M.

WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
 What beauties in my Savior dwell ;
 Where he is gone they fain would know
 That they may seek and love him too.

- 2 My best beloved keeps his throne
 On hills of light, in worlds unknown ;
 But he descends and shows his face,
 In the young gardens of his grace.
- 3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
 Where fruitful trees in order stand ;
 He feeds among the spicy beds,
 Where lilies show their spotless heads.
- 4 He has engrossed my warmest love,
 No earthly charms my soul can move ;
 I have a mansion in his heart,
 Nor death nor hell shall make us part.

5 He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
 And shows me where his glories are ;
 Nor ear hath heard, nor tongue can tell
 What raptures in his presence dwell.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
 On wings of faith above the skies,
 Till death shall make my last remove,
 To dwell forever with my love.

32

C. M.

Salvation.

SALVATION ! O, the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears :
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buri'd in sorrow, and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay ;
 But we arise by grace divine
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation ! O, thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs !
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

33

H. M.

Strength from Heaven.

BY whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,

When he Goliath fought
 And laid the Gittite low?
 No sword or spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Israel's God and King
 Who sent him to the fight,
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
 Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who ordered Gideon forth
 To storm the invader's camp,
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp?
 The trumpet made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.

4 Oh! I have seen the day,
 When with a single word,
 God helping me to say,
 My trust was in the Lord,
 My soul has quelled a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness and pride,
 How often do they steal
 My weapons from my side!
 Yet David's Lord and Gideon's Friend,
 Will help his servant to the end.

34 C. M.
The hope of Heaven.

WHEN I can read my title clear,
 To mansions in the skies,

- I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heav'nly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

35

C. P. M.

- T**HE Lord into his garden comes ;
The spices yield the rich perfumes ;
The lillies grow and thrive ;
Refreshing showers of graee divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.
- 2 This makes the dry and barren ground
In springs of water to abound,
A fruitful soil become !
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,

- My soul a witness is ;
 I taste and see the pardon's free,
 For all mankind as well as me,
 Who comes to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
 A Savior, pitiful and kind,
 Who will them all receive !
 None are too late who will repent ;
 Out of one sinner legions went ;
 The Lord did him relieve.
- 5 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
 And taste the sweetness of his word,
 In Jesus' ways go on ;
 Our trials and our troubles here,
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home.
- 6 Amen, Amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there ;
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

36

S. M.

- W**ELCOME sweet day of rest
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The king himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day ;
 Here we may sit and see him here,
 And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amid the place
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
 Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away,
 To everlasting bliss.

37

L. M.

YOUNG people all attention give,
 While I address you in God's name,
 You who in sin and folly live,
 Come, hear the counsel of a friend.
 I sought for bliss in glittering toys,
 And rang'd th' alluring scenes of life;
 But never knew substantial joys,
 Till I obeyed my Savior's voice.

2 He spake at once my sins forgiv'n,
 And wash'd my load of guilt away,
 He gave me glory, peace and heav'n,
 And thus I found the heav'nly way.
 And now with trembling sense I view,
 Huge billows roll beneath your feet,
 For death eternal waits for you,
 Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Youth like the spring will soon be gone,
 By rolling years or sudden death;
 Your morning sun may set at noon,
 And leave you ever in the dark
 Your spark'ling eyes and blooming cheeks,

Must wither like the blasted rose ;
 The coffin, earth and winding sheet,
 Will soon your active limbs enclose.

- 4 O, careless youth, this is the state,
 Of all who do free grace refuse ;
 And soon with you 'twill be too late,
 The way of life in Christ to choose.
 Come lay your carnal weapons by ;
 No longer fight against your God ;
 But with the gospel now comply,
 And heaven shall be your great reward.

38

P. M.

HAIL thou blest morn, when the great Mediator,
 Down from the regions of glory descends ;
 Shepherds go worship the babe in the manger,
 Lo ! for his guide the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Shine on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
 Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrr from the forest, and gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor .

39

C. M.
Resolve.

- COME anxious sinner, in whose breast,
 A thousand thoughts revolve ;
 Come with your guilt and fear opprest,
 And make this last resolve :
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose ;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess ;
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
 Without his pardoning grace.
- 4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
 Whose sceptre pardon gives,
 Perhaps he may command me touch,
 And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my pray'r ;
 But, if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.
- 6 I can but perish if I go ;
 I am resolved to try :
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die."

40

P. M.
The Convert.

HOW happy are they,
 Who the Savior obey,

And have laid up their treasures above !
Tongue can never express,
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb,
When my heart first believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' name !

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know ;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song ;
O that all his salvation might see !
"He hath lov'd me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me."

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All my sins, and temptations, and pain
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;

My glad soul mounted higher,
 In the chariot of fire,
 And the world it was under my feet.

7 O! the rapturous height,
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Savior possess'd,
 I was perfectly bless'd,
 As if filled with the fullness of God.

41

C. M.

Evening Twilight.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cum'bring care,
 And spend the hours of setting day,
 In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all his promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my care and sorrows cast,
 On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
 The prospect doth my strength renew
 While here by tempest driv'n.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

42

P. M.

The Saint's Adieu to Earth.

YE objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart :
I soon shall exchange you for joys more sublime,
And joys that will never depart.

2 Thou lord of the day, and thou queen of the night,
To me ye no longer are known ;
I soon shall behold with increasing delight,
A sun that will never go down.

3 Ye wonderful orbs that astonish mine eyes,
Your glories recede from my sight ;
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
And stars more transcendently bright.

4 Ye mountains and valleys, ye rivers and plains,
Thou earth and thou ocean adieu ;
More permanent regions where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

5 My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
Whose hearts are entwined with my own—
Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends
Where friendship immortal is known.

6 The wrong of transgressors shall grieve me no more,
'Midst foes I no longer reside ;
My conflicts with sin and with sinners are o'er,
With saints I shall ever abide.

7 No lurking temptation, defilement or fear
Again shall disquiet my breast ;
In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,
Forever ineffably blest.

8 Ye Sabbath's below which have been my delight,
And now thou blest volume divine ;
You've guided my footsteps like stars during night,
Adieu my conductors benign.

9 Thou tottering seat of disease and of pain,
Adieu my dissolving abode ;

I soon shall behold and possess thee again,
A beautiful building of God.

10 Come, come, my dear Jesus, come quickly release
The soul thou hast bought with thy blood,
And make me ascend the fair regions of peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God.

43

P. M.

Christ the only true Friend.

JESUS to every willing mind
Offers a heavenly treasure ;
There may the sons of sorrow find,
Sources of real pleasure.
See what employments men pursue,
Then you will own my words are true ;
Jesus alone unfolds to view,
Sources of real pleasure.

2 Poor are the joys which fools esteem,
Fading and transitory ;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream ;
Or a delusive story.
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind ;
Only in Jesus can we find,
Pleasure and solid glory.

3 Beauty, with all its gaudy shows,
Is but a painted bubble ;
Short is the triumph it bestows ;
Full of deceit and trouble.
Fame like a shadow flees away,
Titles and dignities decay,
Nought but religion can display
Joys that are free from trouble.

- 4 Happy the man who has a friend,
 Namely the God of nature,
 Well may he feel and recommend,
 Friendship with our Creator.
 Then as our hearts in Jesus join,
 So let our social powers combine,
 Ruled by a passion most divine,
 Friendship with our Creator.

44

L. M.

- W**HAT sinners value, I resign ;
 Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine ;
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream—an empty show ;
 But that bright world to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;—
 When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour !—O blest abode !
 I shall be near, and like my God ;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;—
 Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
 And in my Savior's image rise.

45

P. M.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 And from that flowing fountain

Drink everlasting love !
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in ?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before ;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er :
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer though I die ;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu ;
And, O, my friends, be faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray :
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith and hope and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

5 O do not be discourag'd
For Jesus is your friend ;
And if you want more knowledge,

He'll not refuse to lend ;
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request ;
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

- 6 And when the last loud trumpet
 Shall rend the vaulted skies,
 And bid the entombed millions
 From their cold beds arise,
 Our ransom'd dust revived,
 Bright beauties shall put on,
 And soar to the blest mansions
 Where our Redeemer's gone.

46

P. M.

A FOUNTAIN in Jesus which runs always free,
 For washing and cleansing such sinners as we !
 Our sins, though like crimson, made white as the
 wool,

No lack in the fountain, it always is full.

- 2 All things now are ready, he invites us to come,
 The supper is made by the Father and Son ;
 Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may receive,
 A living forever, if we will believe.
- 3 The guests who were bidden, refused the call ;
 For they were not ready nor willing at all
 To be stripped of their honor, and part with their
 store,
 For a feast that was given and made for the poor.
- 4 If they are not ready, and wish to delay,
 My house shall be filled, the Father doth say ;
 The highways and hedges, the halt and the blind,
 Shall come and be welcome, the supper is mine.
- 5 He decks us with jewels, and rings of rich kind ;
 A garment not woven, but richly refin'd ;
 Redeemed by Jesus, made heirs with the King,
 A plan of the Father, in glory to sing.

47

8s, 7s, & 4s.

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain!
 Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah!

Jesus comes—and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty!
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the summons of that day—
 'Come to judgment!—
 Come to judgment!—come away.'

4 Yea, amen!—let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Savior, take the power and glory;
 Make thy righteous sentence known!
 Oh come quickly—
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!

48

P. M.

The Jubilee.

THE Gospel Trumpet has been blown,
 And caused poor sinners to return

To Jesus Christ our heavenly king,
To join and shout and praise and sing,
For we are on our march for glory,
We will sing salvation free;
Yes, we are on our march to glory,
Let us sound the Jubilee.

2 If we prove faithful to the end,
We find in Christ a glorious Friend,
For he who guards us, watches, keeps,
He never slumbers, never sleeps.
For the Lord is in the desert,
He is on the land and sea;
Yes, the Lord is in the desert,
Let us sound the Jubilee.

3 May we obey the gracious call,
Of him whose love extends to all,
He's never weary, never faint,
He hears and pities each complaint.
For he knows our heart's desires
When we bend the humble knee;
Yes, he wipes away our tears,
And he gives us victory.

4 When on the part of God we rise,
We take the cross and win the prize;
So when the evening shades prevail,
Our songs of triumph shall not fail.
Now we're on our way to heaven,
We will sing salvation free;
Yes, we're on our way to heaven,
We will sound the Jubilee.

5 And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
On wings of triumph may we soar,

Where floods of glory, ceaseless roll,
 Where beauties charm our precious souls.
 There we'll join in singing praises,
 To Immanuel our King;
 There we'll join in shouting glory,
 Till we make the arches ring.

- 6 The gospel heralds have gone forth,
 To spread glad tidings through the earth,
 From east to west they shall proclaim
 Salvation through the Savior's name.
 For the Spirit is out-pouring
 On the land and on the sea;
 Yes, the Spirit is out-pouring,
 Let us sound the Jubilee.

49

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 O how I long for thee!
 When will my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
 Most glorious to behold;
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,
 My study long have been;
 Such dazzling views by human sight,
 Have never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus so glorious Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence?

What folly's this that I should dread
To die and go from hence !

5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

50

7s.

HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, " Lovest thou me ? "

2 " I delivered thee, when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

2 " Can a mother's tender care,
Cease toward her children dear ?
Yes ! she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,—

Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee and adore ;—
O for grace to love the more !

51

8s, 7s & 4s.

Sinners entreated to hear.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above ?

Every sentence—O how tender !

Every line is full of love ;

Listen to it—

Every line is full of love.

- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name."

How important !

Free forgiveness in his name.

- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor ;
Fearful hearts they quell your fears ;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tear :
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tear.

- 4 False professors, groveling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford ;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

- 5 Who bath our report believed?
 Who receiv'd the joyful word?
 Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
 Offer'd to you by the Lord!
 Can you slight it—
 Offer'd to you by the Lord!
- 6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,
 Hasten to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay:
 Rebel sinners,
 Glad the message will obey.

52 C. M. *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

- C**OME Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove;
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs—
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues.
 And our devotion dies.
- 3 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,—
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

53

C. M.

Walking with God.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed ?
 How sweet their memory still !
 But now I find an aching void
 The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy dove ! return
 Sweet messenger of rest !
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So, purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

54

C. M.

Sufferings of Christ.

A LAS ! and did my Savior bleed !
 And did my sovereign die !

- Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood!
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus I might hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

55

H. M.

Made nigh by blood.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 His all redeeming love,—
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary,
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me :
 Forgive him, O forgive they cry
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray :
 His dear anointed one ;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son ;
 His spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 To God I'm reconcil'd,
 His pardoning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh
 And Father, Abba Father, cry.

56

P. M.

Mourning souls.

POOOR mourning souls, in deep distress,
 Making sad lamentation,
 Find themselves lost in wickedness,
 And under condemnation ;
 While thunderbolts from Sinai's mount,

Do sound with loudest terror,
 And they, as nought in God's account,
 And drowned in grief and sorrow.

- 2 But who is He that looketh forth,
 Sweet as the blooming morning,
 Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
 'Tis Jesus Christ adorning :
 Jesus can clothe my naked soul ;
 Jesus for me hath died :
 And now I can with pleasure sing,
 My wants are all supplied.

57

P. M.

DROOPING saints, no longer grieve,
 Heaven is propitious ;
 If in Christ you do believe
 You will find him precious ;
 Jesus now is passing by,
 Calling mourners to him ;
 He has died for you and me,
 Now look up and view him.

- 2 From his hands, his feet and side,
 Flows a healing fountain ;
 See the consolating tide,
 Boundless as the ocean ;
 See the healing waters move
 For the sick and dying,
 Now resolve to gain his love,
 Or to perish trying.
- 3 Streaming mercy how it flows,
 Now I know I feel it,

Half has never yet been told
 Yet I want to tell it;
 Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
 O the wond'rous story,
 I was lost but now am found,
 Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory to my Savior's name,
 Saints are bound to love him;
 Mourners you may do the same,
 Only come and prove him.
 Hasten to the Savior's blood,
 Feel it, and declare it;
 O that I could sing so loud,
 That all the world might hear it.

5 If no greater joys are known,
 In the upper region,
 I will try to travel on,
 In this pure religion;
 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
 Glory's here and yonder;
 Brightest seraphs shout amen,
 While all the angels wonder.

58

P. M.

Self-Examination.

THIS a point I long know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought,
 Do I love the Lord, or no?
 Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse;
 Who have never heard his name.

3 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
 Thou who art thy people's sun ;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.

4 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray ;
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to-day

59

C. M.
Fellowship.

OUR souls by love together knit,
 Cemented, mix'd in one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.

CHORUS.

A Savior, let creation sing—
 A Savior, let all heaven ring—
 He's God with us—we feel him ours—
 His fullness in our souls he pours—
 'Tis almost done—'tis almost o'er—
 We're following those who've gone before—
 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
 Where we shall meet to part no more.

2 Our hearts have often burn'd within,
 And glow'd with sacred fire,
 While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blest,
 And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And set'st thy starry crown ;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own.

- 4 May we a little band of love,
 We sinners, sav'd by grace,
 From glory unto glory chang'd,
 Behold thee face to face.

60

11s.

O turn ye.

- O** TURN ye, poor sinners, for why will ye die,
 When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh?
 Now Jesus invites, and the Spirit says come,
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion that while you delay,
 Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
 Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
 While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
 O, how can you question, if you will believe?
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
 'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.
- 4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain
 To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
 To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
 Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?
- 5 Why will you be starving or feeding on air?
 There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
 If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
 And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.
- 6 Come give us your hand, and the Savior your heart,
 And trusting in Heaven we never shall part;
 O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
 We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

61

P. M.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,

Thou from hence my all shalt be :
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
 Yet how rich is my condition !
 God and heaven are all my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me—
 They have left my Savior too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue :
 And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate and friends disown me—
 Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure ;
 Come disaster, scorn and pain ;
 In thy service, pain is pleasure,
 With thy favor, loss is gain :
 I have called thee, Abba Father,
 I have set my heart on thee ;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'T will but drive me to thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest :
 Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me ;
 Oh ! 't were not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Haste thee on, from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,

God's own hand shall guide thee there :
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

62

C. P. M.

- M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my
 years,
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
 Around the steady pole ;
 Time like the tide its motion keeps,
 And I must launch through boundless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
 How swift the moments pass between,
 And whisper as they fly ;
 "Unthinking man, remember this,
 Though fond of sublunary bliss,
 That you must groan and die."
- 3 How great the bliss, how great the wo
 Hangs on this inch of time below,
 On this precarious breath ;
 The Lord of nature only knows,
 Whether another year shall close,
 Ere I expire in death.
- 4 But will my soul be then extinct,
 And cease to live, and cease to think ?
 It cannot, cannot be ;
 No, my immortal cannot die,
 What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
 When death shall set thee free ?

5 Will mercy then her arms extend,
 Will Jesus be thy guardian friend?
 And heaven thy dwelling place?
 Or shall insulting fiends appear,
 To drag thee down to dark despair,
 Below the reach of grace?

6 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
 Beyond the present life are known,
 There is no middle state;
 To-day attend the call divine,
 To-morrow may be none of thine,
 Or it may be too late.

7 O do not pass this as a dream,
 Vast is the change, whate'er it seem,
 To poor unthinking man:
 Lord, at thy footstool I would bow;
 Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
 What it would tell me then.

8 If in destruction's road I stray,
 Help me to choose the better way,
 That leads to joys on high;
 Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
 Nor let me ever dare to live,
 Such as I dare not die.

63

P. M.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see,
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet
 flowers,
 Have lost all their sweetness to me.

The midsummer sun shines but dim ;
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice,
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice.
 I should were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear,
 No mortal so happy as I ;
 My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind ;
 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear,
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long ?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
 O take me to thee upon high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

64

L. M.

Morning Hymn.

O COULD my soul this morning rise,
 And feel that life that never dies ;

I'd praise that hand with all my powers,
That guarded my unguarded hours.

2 'Tis he who gives me life divine,
In him eternal joys are mine;
Then rouse, my soul, bid sloth adieu,
Thy Jesus love and him pursue.

3 Haste on to that immortal shore,
Where night and sleep are known no more;
Then shall I soon in glory rise,
With seraphs in a sweet surprise.

4 Then shall I raise a morning song,
With all the vast angelic throng;
Singing in everlasting peace,
My morning song shall never cease.

65

C. P. M.

The Spiritual Pilgrim.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine;
Already sav'd from low design,—
From every creature-love—
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view

Of those who basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen :
 Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
 I neither have nor want.

- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own :
 A stranger to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise ;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a city out of sight,—
 A city in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion fair ;
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home ;
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.

66

L. M.
To-Day.

TO-Day, if you will hear his voice,
 Now is the time to make your choice,
 Say will you be forever blest,
 And with the glorious Jesus rest ?

- 2 Will you be saved from guilt and pain ?
 Will you with Christ forever reign ?
 Say, will you to mount Zion go ?
 Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 3 Come blooming youth, for ruin bound,
 Obey the gospel's joyful sound ;
 Come, go with us and you shall prove
 The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

- 4 Behold he's waiting at your door !
 Make now your choice, O, halt no more.
 Say, sinner, say, what will you do ?
 Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 5 Your sports and all your glittering toys,
 Compared with our celestial joys,
 Like momentary dreams appear ;
 Come, go with us—your souls are dear.
- 6 Why rush in sinful pleasures on ?
 Why madly plunge in ruin down ?
 Say, without Christ, what can you do ?
 Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 7 O, must we bid you all farewell ;
We bound to heaven, and *you* to hell ?
 Still God may hear us while we pray,
 And change you ere that burning day.
- 8 Once more we ask you in his name,
 We know his love remains the same ;
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
 Say, will you have this Christ or no ?

67

P. M.

O THOU in whose presence
 My soul takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call ;
 My comfort by day,
 And my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation and all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide
 Resort with thy sheep,

To feed in the pastures of love ?
For why in the valley
Of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

3 O why should I wander
An alien from thee—
Or cry in the desert for bread ?
Thy foes will rejoice,
When my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion,
Declare have you seen
The star that on Israel shown.
Say, if in your tents
My beloved has been,
Or where with his flock he has gone.

5 This is my beloved,
His form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around :
The locks of his head
Are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 Like the fair rose of Sharon,
Or lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks does the beauty
Of excellence glow—
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

7 His voice as the sound,
Of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death ;

The cedars of Lebanon
Bow at his feet,
And the air is perfumed with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain
Of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace.
From thence, their salvation
The Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits on his eyelids,
And scatters delight,
Through all the bright mansions on high ;
Their faces the cherubim
Veil in his sight,
And praise him with fullness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousands
Of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word !
He speaks and eternity,
Fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

68

C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow :
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vale,
 With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
 Shines one eternal day ;
 There God the Son forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore ;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest,
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest ?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul,
 Would here no longer stay !
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.
- 8 There on those high and flowery plains,
 Our spirits near shall tire ;
 But in perpetual joyful strains,
 Redeeming love admire.

69

C. M.

LORD at thy temple we appear,
 As happy Simeon came,
 And hope to meet our Savior here ;
 O, make our joys the same.

- 2 With what divine and vast delight,
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy child.
- 3 Now I can leave this world, he cried,
Behold thy servant dies !
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 This is the light prepared to shine,
Upon the Gentile lands ;
'Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands.
- 5 Jesus ! the vision of thy face,
Hath overpowering charms,
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings break
How sweet my minutes roll !
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

70

P. M.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given,
There is a joy for soul's distress,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above in heaven.

- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even,
A couch for weary mortals spread,

Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 Now faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees ev'ning shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given,
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

71

L. M.

Christ dying, rising and reigning.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies,
HLo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree—
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead—revives again!

- 4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb !
 (In vain the tomb forbids his rise,)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great deliverer reigns ;
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the tyrant death in chains !
- 6 Say, " Live forever, glorious King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !
 Then ask—" O death, where is thy sting?
 And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave !"

72

C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiven !
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heaven :
 A country far from mortal sight,—
 Yet, O ! by faith I see,
 The land of rest, the saint's delight,
 The heaven prepared for me.

- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours !
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day ;
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ concealed,
 And with his glorious presence here,
 Our earthen vessels filled.

- 3 O, would he more of heaven bestow,
 And let the vessels break ;
 And let our ransom'd spirits go,
 To grasp the God we seek !
 In rapturous awe, on him to gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me ;
 And shout and wonder at his grace,
 To all eternity.

73

P. M.

- COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power ;
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify ;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh,
 Without money
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you
 'Tis the spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you 're better,

You will never come at all ;
 Not the righteous,—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree, behold him !
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 “ It is finished ! ”
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending,
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;
 Venture on him, venture freely ;
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven,
 Sweetly echo with his name ;
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may do the same.

74

P. M.

WHYY sleep we, my brethren ? come let us arise,
 O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize ?
 Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,
 O, let us be active—awake ! and repent.

2 O, how can we slumber ! the Master is come,
 And calling on sinners to seek them a home ;
 The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
 The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

- 3 O, how can we slumber ! our foes are awake ;
 To ruin poor souls, every effort they make,
 To accomplish their object, no means are untried,
 The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.
- 4 O, how can we slumber ! when so much was done,
 To purchase salvation, by Jesus, the Son !
 Now mercy is proffer'd, and justice display'd,
 Now God can be honored and sinners be sav'd.
- 5 O, how can we slumber ! when death is so near,
 And sinners are sinking to endless despair ;
 Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high prize,
 Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.
- 6 O, how can ye slumber ! ye sinners look round,
 Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound ;
 O, fly to the Savior, he calls you to-day ;
 While mercy is waiting, O, make no delay.

75

P. M.

Saint's Home.

THE pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay.
 But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
 Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

- 2 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms !
 The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms ;
 At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
 O there may I feast with his children at home !
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O Jesus conduct me to heaven, my home.
- 3 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu,
 While Jesus and heaven and glory I view ;
 I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
 The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O when shall I share the fruition of home ?

4 The days of my exile are passing away,
 The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,
 "Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
 And dwell in my presence forever at home."
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O there I shall rest with the Savior at home.

5 Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er,
 The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
 Then loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
 They dwell with the Savior, forever at home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 They dwell with the Savior, forever at home.

76

C. M.

The Christian's Trust.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord;
 Or to defend his cause;
 Maintain the honor of his word
 The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Or let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands;
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands;
 Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the New Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

77

11s.

I WOULD not live alway, I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm arises dark o'er the way;

I would not live alway : No—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.

- 2 O, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode ?
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
- 3 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet ;
While the anthems of pleasure unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

78

S. M.

AH ! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint ?
To whom should I my trouble strow,
And pour out my complaint ?

- 2 My Savior bids me come ;
Ah ! why do I delay ?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stray !
- 3 What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part ?
Which will not let the Savior take
Possession of my heart ?
- 4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within :
Some idol which I will not own ;
Some secret bosom sin.
- 5 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see ;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

- 6 Searcher of hearts,—in mine
 Thy trying power display;
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.

79

C. M.
Baptism.

- A**LMIGHTY Savior, here we stand,
 Rang'd by the water side;
 Hither we come, at thy command,
 To wait upon thy bride.
- 2 Thy footsteps marked this humble way,
 For all that love thy cause.
 Lord! thy example we obey,
 And glory in the cross.
- 3 Our dearest Lord, we'll follow thee
 Where'er thou lead'st the way;
 Thro' floods, thro' flames, thro' death's dark
 vale,
 To realms of endless day.

80

P. M.

- S**ALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
 In ancient time to Jordan came,
 All-righteousness to fill;
 'T was there the ancient Baptist stood,
 Whose name was John, a man of God,
 To do his Master's will.
- 2 The holy Jesus did demand
 His right to be baptiz'd and then
 The Baptist gave consent;

- On Jordan's bank they did prepare,
The Baptist and his Master dear,
Then down the bank they went.
- 3 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize ;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies.
- 4 The opening heaven now complies,
The Holy Ghost like lightning flies,
Down from the courts above ;
And on the holy, heavenly Lamb,
The spirit lights and does remain,
In shape like a fair dove.
- 5 "This is my Son," Jehovah cries,
The echoing voice from glory flies,
"O children, hear ye him ;"
Hark ! 'tis his voice, behold ! he cries,
"Repent, believe and be baptized,
And wash away your sins."
- 6 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd.
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.
- 7 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise :
See, here is water, here is room,

A loving Savior calling, "Come,
O children, be baptiz'd."

- 8 Behold ! his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride ;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

81

C. M.

OUR dearest Lord look from above
On us assembled here ;
O, grant thy presence and thy love,
Our fainting minds to cheer.

- 2 Here we are come to be baptized,
His wise commands obey ;
Who his own life has sacrific'd,
To take our sins away.
- 3 No merit in the mode we claim,
We imitate our Head,
Who when baptiz'd in Jordan's stream
Out of the waves was led.

82

8s, 7s, & 4s.

TO the flowing stream of Jordan,
Lo ! the King of Zion came ;
There the ancient Baptist waited,
To immerse the spotless Lamb ;
They descended,
To the Savior's watery grave.

- 2 Come then ye who love the Savior,
 Fear ye not to own your Lord,
 Reckless if the world should scorn you,
 Follow Christ, obey his word ;
 He'll defend you,
 Fear ye not to follow him.
- 3 Hear the Savior saying to you,
 From his glorious throne above,
 " Ye who trust in me for pardon,
 By obedience show your love.
 Be baptized,
 My example points the way."
- 4 Lord, our hearts incline to follow,
 In the way which thou didst tread,
 We will turn from every other,
 While thy sacred word we read ;
 O Redeemer,
 We rejoice to follow thee.

83

L. M.

BEHOLD the grave where Jesus lay,
 Before he shed his precious blood !
 How plain he mark'd the humble way
 To sinners through the mystic flood !

- 2 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Come, and obey his sacred word ;
 He died and rose again for you ;
 What more could the Redeemer do ?
- 3 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 On these baptismal waters move ;
 That we, through energy divine,
 May have the substance with the sign.

- 4 All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel the increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye childran of the light,
The spirit and the bride invite.

84

P. M.

- C**HRISTIANS if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm ;
If by Jesus you are priz'd
Rise, believe and be baptiz'd.
- 2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse to mortals due,
Children prove your love to him,
Never fear the frozen stream.
- 3 Never shun the Savior's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross ;
If the Savior's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.
- 4 Fire is good to warm the soul,
Water purifies the foul ;
Fire and water both agree,
Winter soldiers never flee.
- 5 Every season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere ;
If in storms you cannot roam,
Serve your gracious Lord at home ?
- 6 Read his sacred word by day,
Ever watching, always pray ;
Meditate his law by night,
This will give you great delight.

85 C. M.

Difficulties in the way of duty surmounted.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue ;
 Hinder me not ye much lov'd saints,
 For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes :
 Hinder me not shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials too,
 I'll go at his command ;
 Hinder me not, for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Savior calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be,
 Hinder me not, come welcome death,
 I'll gladly go with thee.

86 H. M.

An Address to the Holy Spirit.

DESCEND, celestial Dove,
 And make thy presence known ;
 Reveal our Savior's love,
 And seal us for thy own !
 Unblest by thee, our works are vain ;
 Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
 The sovereign Prince of light,
 In Jordan's swelling flood

Received the holy rite,
 In open view thy form came down,
 And, dove-like, flew the king to crown.

3 The day was never known,
 Since time began its race,
 On which such glory shone,
 On which was shone such grace,
 As that which shed in Jordan's stream,
 On Jesus' head the heavenly beam.

4 Continue still to shine,
 And fill us with thy fire :
 This ordinance is thine,
 Do thou our souls inspire !
 Thou wilt attend on all thy sons ;
 'Till time shall end,' thy promise runs.

87

P. M.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
 To my raptur'd vision,
 All the extatic joys that spring
 Round the bright elysian :
 Lo ! we lift our longing eyes,
 Break, ye intervening skies ;
 Sons of righteousness, arise,
 Ope the gates of paradise.

CHORUS.

O how good it is to be blest,
 And dwell where loving Jesus is.

2 Floods of everlasting light
 Freely flash before him,

Myriads with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him.
 Angelic trumps resound his fame ;
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the music of his name ;
 Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
 From their princely station ;
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation ;
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 Glory be to God alone !
 Holy ! Holy ! Holy One.

4 One broad rainbow round the throne,
 Pours celestial splendor
 All within the brilliant zone,
 To imperial grandeur ;
 Heaven's pure arch reflects the blaze,
 Seraphs sing, admire and gaze,
 Glowing cherubs join the lays,
 Martyrs shout responding praise.

5 Hark, the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us ;
 Join we the holy lay,
 Jesus ! Jesus ! Jesus !
 Sweetest sound on seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Jesus ! Jesus ! flow along.

88

L. M.

- WHAT various hindrances we meet,
 In coming to the mercy seat;
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
 And satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side;
 But when through weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To Heaven in supplication sent,
 Your cheerful song would oftener be,
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

89

P. M.

TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er,
 A country I've found, where true joys abound,
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

- 2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive :
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Savior, and bless the glad day.
- 3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go ;
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell and sin :
'Midst outward affliction, shall feel Christ within :
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.
- 5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind :
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.
- 6 And now I have care, that my friends too may share
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare ?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you, free grace is so nigh ?

90

P. M.

The Good Physician.

HOW lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin sick soul !
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave ;
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

- 2 The worst of all diseases,
Is light compared to sin ;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,

And madness all combin'd ;
 And none but a believer,
 The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain ;
 But this proved more distressing,
 And added to my pain :
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost ;
 Thus every refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
 (How matchless is his grace !)
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 He gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had sealed ;
 Then bade me look unto him,
 I looked and I was heal'd.

5 A risen living Jesus,
 Seen by an eye of faith ;
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death :
 Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only look and live.

91 L. M.
My Spirit shall not always strive.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul,

- Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control ?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee !
- 3 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
Regard in time the warning kind :
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 4 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be ;
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

92

L. M.

The good old way.

LIFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends ;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

CHORUS.

- For the good old way is to watch and to pray,
And I hope to live in the good old way ;
For the good old way is to watch and to pray,
And I hope to die in the good old way.
- 2 Our conflicts here, tho' great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory ;
If we but watch and strive and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

- 3 O, good old way, how sweet thou art ;
 May none of us from thee depart,
 But may our actions always say,
 We're marchiug in the good old way.
- 4 Though satan may his powers employ,
 Our happiness for to destroy,
 Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
 And shout and sing the good old way.
- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
 And view by faith the promis'd land,
 Then we may sing, and shout and pray,
 And march along the good old way.
- 6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
 Remember glory's at the end ;
 Our God will wipe all tears away,
 When we have run the good old way.
- 7 Then, far beyond this mortal shore,
 We'll meet with those who've gone before,
 And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
 By marching in the good old way.

93

C. M.

O FOR a heart that loves to pray,
 To converse with the Lord,
 Fain would I give myself away,
 And lean upon his word.

- 2 O for invigorating grace,
 To raise my soul above ;
 O for that heavenly-mindedness
 That satan cannot move.

3 O for that fortitude which can
 My every fear control ;
 Then would the dread of sinful man
 No more disturb my soul.

4 Lord, thou can'st conquer every foe,—
 Thy grace can sanctify :
 Amen : O Lord, may it be so,
 Let my corruptions die.

94 *The Church's Welcome.*
 AIR—"Daughter of Zion."

CHILDREN of Zion ! what harp notes are stealing,
 So soft o'er our senses, so soothingly sweet ;
 'Tis the music of angels, their raptures revealing,
 That you have been brought to the Holy One's feet.
 Children of Zion ! we join in their welcome ;
 'Tis sweet to lie low at that blessed retreat.

2 Children of Zion ! no longer in sadness,
 Refrain from the feast that your Savior hath given ;
 Come taste of the cup of salvation with gladness,
 And think of the banquet still sweeter in heaven.
 Children of Zion ! our hearts bid you welcome,
 To the church of the ransom'd—the kingdom of
 heaven.

3 Children of Zion ! we joyfully hail you !
 Who've entered the sheepfold, through Jesus, the door ;
 While pilgrims on earth though the foe may assail you,
 Press forward, and soon will the conflict be o'er.
 Children of Zion ; Oh welcome, thrice welcome !
 We'll meet where the foe shall oppress you no
 more.

95

L. M.

JESUS ! and shall it ever be
 A mortal man ashamed of thee !
 Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days !

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon !
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
 Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away ;
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
 Till then I boast a Savior slain ;
 And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not asham'd of me.
- 7 His institutions I will prize,
 Take up the cross, the shame despise ;
 Dare to defend his noble cause,
 And yield obedience to his laws.

96

C. M.

Regeneration.

SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,
 Hear, all ye sons of men ;
 For Christ the Savior hath declared,
 "Ye must be born again."

- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain ;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally depraved,—
The heart a sink of sin ;
Without a change we can't be saved ;
"Ye must be born again."
- 4 Spirit of Life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain ;
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again.

97

C. M.

- L**IFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb ;
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.
- 2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end ;
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King,
The King is now our friend.
- 3 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down,
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.
- 4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve ;
By holy purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive ;
And rais'd to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live.

6 Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heav'n to share ;
He now is fitting up your home,
Go on, we'll meet you there.

98

C. P. M.

ONCE more in the Redeemer's name,
Dear brethren we have met again,
To speak, and pray, and sing ;
Now let each one obey the call,
Of him who tasted death for all,
Our everlasting King.

2 Since I was here, how have you done ?
How have you walk'd, how have you run ?
Or, like the eagle, flew,
Or have you fell in despond's slough ?
Then look to him who sees you now,
To raise your minds anew.

3 What kind of manna have you had ?
Come tell me whether good or bad ;
The source from whence it came ;
Have you been fed from Christ above,
By those who say they came in love,
To lead along the lame ?

4 Does union in your hearts abound,
As once it did to hear the sound,
Of trembling groans and cries ?

When all as one to Christ did go,
 To save them from that dreadful wo,
 And wipe their weeping eyes?

5 Christ crucified is what I know,
 His cause the reason why I go,
 O'er hills and valleys through;
 'Tis for his cause I leave my home,
 To sound his fame, for this I roam;
 For this I come to you.

6 And while I'm called to leave my home,
 And o'er creation wide to roam,
 My friends may think of me,
 Not knowing what or how I do,
 While I am come to visit you
 And preach the gospel free.

7 O Jesus, come, fill' all our souls,
 May we all be like golden bowls,
 Around thine altar strung;
 Our cups o'erflow with love sincere,
 Till we shall sing salvation clear,
 In everlasting songs.

99

P. M.

The Gloom of Autumn.

HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
 View with me th' Autumnal gloom;
 Learn from thence your fate to-morrow,
 Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.
 See all nature fading, dying,
 Silent all things seem to mourn,
 Life from vegetation flying,
 Brings to mind the mould'ring urn.

- 2 What to me are autumn's treasures,
Since I know no earthly joy,
Long I've lost all earthly pleasures,
Time must youth and health destroy.
Pleasures once I fondly courted,
Shared each bliss that youth bestows,
But, to see where then I sported,
Now embitters all my woes.
- 3 Age and sorrow since have blasted,
Every youthful, pleasing dream ;
Quiv'ring age, with youth contrasted,
Oh, how short their glories seem.
As the annual frosts are cropping,
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So my friends are yearly dropping,
Through old age and dire disease.
- 4 Former friends, how oft I've sought them,
Just to cheer my drooping mind,
But they've gone like leaves in autumn,
Driven before the dreary wind.
When a few more years I've wasted,
When a few more springs are gone,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall live to die no more.
- 5 Fast my sun of life's declining,
I must sleep in death's dark night ;
But my hope, pure and refining,
Rests in future life and light.
Cease this trembling, fearing, sighing,
Christ will burst the silent tomb,
Then the saints shall upwards flying,
Rise into immortal bloom.

100

P. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die ;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high :
Shall join the glorified saints,
And find its long sought rest ;
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain :
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
I suffer on my threescore years,
'Till my deliverer come ;
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me ?
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.
I see a host of brethren bright,
Who taste the pleasures there ;
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my suff'rings here,
If Lord thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd host to appear,
And worship at thy feet.

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away ;
 But give me life and friends again,
 In that eternal day.

101

7s & 5s.

The Macedonian Cry.

BY AMOS SUTTON.

HARK ! what cry arrests my ear,
 Hark ! what accents of despair,
 'Tis the heathen's dying prayer ;
 Friends of Jesus, hear.

- 2 Men of God to you we cry,
 Rests on you our tearful eye,
 Help us, Christians, or we die,
 Die in dark despair.
- 3 Hasten, Christians, haste to save,
 O'er the land and o'er the wave,
 Dangers, death, and distance brave,
 Hark ! for help they call.
- 4 Afric bends her suppliant knee,
 Asia spreads her hands to thee,
 Hark ! they urge the heaven-born plea,
 Jesus died for all.
- 5 Haste then, spread the Savior's name,
 Snatch the firebrands from the flame,
 Deck his glorious diadem
 With their ransom'd souls.
- 6 See ! the pagan altars fall,
 See the Savior reigns o'er all ;
 Crown Him ! crown Him ! Lord of all,
 Echoes round the poles.

102

P. M.
Monthly Concert of Prayer.

FLY, thou heavenly gospel message,
Fly to yonder foreign lands;
Let the Savior's promis'd blessing,
Reach the distant heathen bands.

2 Go, ye heralds of salvation,
Tell the heathen far and wide,
Jesus bled to save lost sinners
Of each nation, tongue and tribe.

3 Then shall they of heathen nations
Songs to our Immanuel raise,
In the peaceful realms of glory
Tune their harps to sing his praise.

103

P. M.
Missionary Hymn.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand?
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness

The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation,
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story ;
 And you, ye waters roll,
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

104

8—7 & 4.

YES, my native land, I love thee,
 All thy scenes, I love them well :
 Friends, connections, happy country,
 Must I bid you all farewell !

Can I leave you—
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

2 Home ! thy joys are passing lovely !
 Joys no stranger heart can tell !
 Happy home, indeed I love thee !
 Can I—*can* I say—“ Farewell ?”

Can I leave thee—

Far in heathen lands to dwell?

- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!

Can I say a last farewell?

Can I leave you—

Far in heathen lands to dwell?

- 4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I love so well!

Far away, ye billows bear me!

Lovely native land, farewell!

Pleased I leave thee—

Far in heathen lands to dwell.

- 5 In the deserts let me labor,

On the mountains let me tell

How he died—the blessed Savior—

To redeem a world from hell!

Let me hasten—

Far in heathen lands to dwell.

- 6 Bear me on thou restless ocean;

Let the winds my canvass swell,

Heaves my heart with warm emotion,

While I go far hence to dwell.

Glad I bid thee,

Native land! Farewell, Farewell.

105

P. M.

BLLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound;
 Let all the nations know,

To earth's remotest bound :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonng Lamb ;
 Redemption by his blood,
 Through all the lands proclaim :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive :
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace ;
 Ye favored souls draw near ;
 Behold your Savior's face :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits rest,
 Ye mournful souls be glad :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

106

P. M.

WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.

Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 Higher yet that star ascends,
 Traveller! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends!
 Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth!
 Traveller! ages are its own,
 See it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller! lo! the prince of peace,
 Lo the Son of God is come.

107

C. M.

The Christian's Hope.

BY AMOS SUTTON.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
 Our glowing hearts in one,
 Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds
 To harmony divine.

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
 Which Jesus' grace has given ;
 The hope when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven ;
 We all shall meet in heaven at last,
 We all shall meet in heaven ;
 The hope when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What ! though the northern wintry blast,
 Shall howl around thy cot :
 What ! though beneath an eastern sun
 Be cast our distant lot.

Yet still we share the blissful hope
 Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
 From India's burning plain,
 From Europe, from Columbia's land,
 We hope to meet again.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
 Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
 Our future meeting knows :
 There friendship beams from every eye,
 And hope immortal grows.

O sacred hope ! O blissful hope !
 Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

108

L. M.

Missionary Collection.

BE thy kingdom, Lord, promoted ;
 Let the earth her Monarch know ;

- Be my all to thee devoted ;
To my Lord my all I owe.
- 2 With my substance will I honor
My Redeemer and my Lord !
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
- 3 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every nation
Gladly join to spread his fame.

109 *7s & 5s.*
For opening a Conference Meeting

- F**RRIENDS, for whom a Savior died,
Friends, who have a heavenly Guide
Welcome here, for side by side,
We must take our stand :
Now's the hour for us to meet,
Girt in panoply complete,
Sharing in communion sweet,
An immortal band.
- 2 See ye not the world is set,
Hostile to salvation yet ;
Heed ye not the subtle net,
By the tempter spread :
Know ye not the senses still,
War against the hallow'd will,
Aiming all the heart to fill—
Will ye be misled ?
- 3 Friends, to holy conflict wake,
Every spell of ruin break,
Rouse ye for the Savior's sake,

Can ye slumber more?
 Arm! the standard blazes high—
 Hark! 'tis Jesus' battle cry—
 On! salvation now is nigh—
 Rest forevermore!

110

C. M.

WHILE Jesus dwelt on earth below,
 Among the sons of men,
 He spared no pains to let them know,
 They must be born again.

2 We all have broke Jehovah's laws,
 And guilty must remain,
 Condemned to all the pains of hell,
 Till we are born again.

3 Alas! whate'er good works we do,
 His favor to obtain,
 They can't our sinful hearts renew;
 We must be born again.

4 Were we baptiz'd a thousand times,
 It would be all in vain;
 This cannot wash away our crimes;
 We must be born again.

5 This is Jehovah's great decree;
 He always will maintain,
 That sinners, such as you and me,
 Must all be born again.

6 The word of God is firm and sure,
 And always will remain;
 Eternal wrath we must endure,
 Unless we're born again.

- 7 There's but one way for our escape,
 From everlasting pain ;
 And that is through the narrow gate,
 Of being born again.

111

C. M.
Fountain.

- T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be—till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
 When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

112

L. M.
Immanuel.

HAIL God the Father, heavenly light—
 Hail Christ the Son, my soul's delight ;

Hail Holy Ghost, come dwell with me,
Through time and in eternity ;
Ye glittering orbs around the skies,
Who speak his glory as you rise ;
Your silent language ne'er can tell
The glory of Immanuel.

Tall mountains that becloud the skies,
And all the hills that round you rise,
While time endures ye ne'er can tell
The glory of Immanuel.

- 2 Ye trembling seas, with dismal roar,
Whose billows roll from shore to shore,
Your thund'ring language ne'er can tell
The power of Christ, Immanuel.
Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng,
Through every land extend the song,
A guilty world redeem'd from hell,
By Christ the Lord, Immanuel.
Behold Him leave his Father's throne,
Behold Him bleeding, hear him groan,
Death's iron chains can ne'er excel
The strength of Christ, Immanuel.

- 3 Behold Him mount his ancient seat
With millions bowing at his feet—
He conquered all the powers of hell,
Yes, glory to Immanuel.
His fame shall sound from pole to pole,
While glory flows from soul to soul,
The gospel sound goes forth to tell
The glory of Immanuel.
While I am singing of his fame,
My soul begins to feel the flame ;

Though full of love, I ne'er can tell
The beauty of Immanuel.

- 4 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And see the nations gath'ring round,
While angels shout, the saints shall tell
The glory of Immanuel.

Then thousand thousands in the throng,
Ten thousand thousands join the song,
"He sav'd us from a burning hell,
Glory to God, Immanuel."

My soul transported with his charms,
I long to dwell in Jesus' arms.

My loving brethren, all farewell;
I go to meet Immanuel.

113

C. M.

Brotherly Love.

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,—
We still are one in heart.

- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we'll go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 Partakers of the Savior's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time nor place,
Nor life nor death can part.
- 4 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And Christians part no more.

114

11s.

MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHORUS.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet home,
 Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory my home.

- 2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace !
 And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love cannot cease !
 Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
 I long to behold thee in glory my home.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
 Which hinders my joy and communion with thee,
 Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
 All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
 O give me submission and strength as my day,
 In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 5 Whate'er thou denyest, O give me thy grace,
 The spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face ;
 Supply me with patience to wait at thy throne,
 And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
 No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
 And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise thee at home,
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Receive me, dear Savior, to glory my home.

115

C. M.

HARK ! listen to the trumpeters,
 They call for volunteers,

On Zion's bright and holy mount,
Behold the officers.

2 Their horses white, their armor bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for the fight,
To march to Canaan's land.

3 They follow their great General,
'The great eternal Lamb,
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

4 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
They drive the hosts of hell :
How dreadful is our God t' adore,
The great Immanuel !

5 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God ;
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

6 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh ;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth and sky.

7 In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire :
And all surround the throne of love,
And join the heavenly choir.

116

P. M.

Gazing on the Cross.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend !

- Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.
- 4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove his blood each day more healing ;
And himself more deeply know.

117

C. M.

- A**RISE and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come,
Thy glorious conqu'ring King is near,
To take his exiles home ;
The trumpet's thund'ring through the sky
To set poor sinners free ;
The day of wonders now is nigh,
The year of Jubilee.
- 2 Arise ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear ;
All tongues, all languages, shall come,
Their final doom to hear.
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round,
While Gabriel with his silver trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.

- 3 The glorious news of gospel grace
With sinners now is o'er ;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more :
The watchmen have all left their walls,
And with their flocks above
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.
- 4 Come all ye pilgrims of the Lord,
Whose hearts are joined in one :
Hold up your heads with courage bold,
Your race is almost run ;
Above the clouds behold him stand,
And smiling, bid you come ;
Whilst angels beckon you away,
To your eternal home.
- 5 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view ;
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu !
While friends stand weeping all around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.
- 6 O Christians ! are you ready now,
To cross the narrow flood ?
On Canaan's happy shore behold,
And see a smiling God ?
The dazzling charms of that bright world,
Attract my soul above ;
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.

118

P. M.

MERCY, O thou son of David,
 Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd ;
 Many by thy grace are saved,
 O wilt thou vouchsafe thine aid !

- 2 Lord remove this grievous blindness,
 Turn my darkness into day ;
 Straight he saw, and drawn by kindness,
 Follow'd Jesus in the way,
- 3 Now methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around,
 Friends, is not my case amazing ?
 What a Savior I have found.
- 4 O that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me ;
 Surely they would come unto him,
 He would cause them all to see.

119

P. M.

The Way to Heaven.

CALL'D to a sense of duty,
 I would obey the call ;
 And for the sake of Jesus,
 I freely give up all,
 My former vain enjoyments,
 Of pleasure, pride, and gain ;
 That I in Jesus' kingdom
 A mansion may obtain.

- 2 Come, who will travel with me,
 The way that leads to heav'n ?

And follow none but Jesus,
 The way which he hath giv'n :
 And take his word for counsel,
 His spirit for a guide ;
 And make a full surrender
 Of ev'ry thing beside.

3 Come on, my precious brethren,
 And travel on with me ;
 We'll seek for heav'nly treasure,
 Until we find the sea,
 Of sweet unbounded riches
 Of life, and love and peace :
 Where beauty never withers,
 And glories never cease.

4 What though the world reproach us,
 And say we're mean and poor ;
 No matter what we suffer,
 If we can reach the shore :
 'T will make the glory sweeter,
 And raise the praises higher ;
 And we shall be completer,
 When purified by fire.

C. M.

120 *The Spiritual Coronation.*

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
 Let angels prostrate fall :
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small !
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

121

P. M.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think
 Before you farther go,
 Can you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo?
 Hell beneath is gaping wide,
 Vengeance waits the dread command,
 Soon to stop your sport and pride,
 And sink you with the damn'd.

CHORUS.

Then be entreated now to stop,
 For unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware you'll drop
 Into a burning lake.

- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that great day,
 When his judgment will proclaim—
 And the earth shall melt away,
 Like wax before the flame?

- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to the bar ;
 Then to hear your awful doom,
 Will fill you with despair.
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of a blood crimson dye :
 Each for vengeance cry aloud,
 And what will you reply ?
- 4 Though your hearts be made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass.
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 Though they now despise his grace ;
 Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face.
- 5 But as yet there is a hope,
 You may his mercy know ;
 Though his arm be lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow.
 It was for sinners Jesus died ;
 Sinners he invites to come ;
 None that come shall be denied,
 He says there still is room.
 For Jesus' sake, I pray you stop, &c.

122

7s.

New Year.

TUNE—Benevento.

WHILE with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here ;

Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.

2 As the swiftest arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past, receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew :
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view ;
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Savior's love ;
 Then when life's short tale is told,
 We shall dwell with thee above.

123

8s.

Why will ye die ?

TUNE—Benevento.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
 God your Maker, asks you why ;
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live ;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands ;
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love, and die ?

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 Christ your Savior, asks you why ;
 He who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live.
 Will you let him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why ?
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace his love.
 Will ye not his grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 Why, ye long sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God, and die ?

124

P. M.

Eden of Love.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
 In yon blissful region, the haven of rest ;
 Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
 And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest ;
 Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
 My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
 I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And rage with delight through the Eden of Love.

- 2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise :
 Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
 My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love.

- 3 Then hail, blessed state ! Hail ye songsters of glory !
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above !
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 " Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus' love :"
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation :
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of Love.

125

8s, 7s, & 4s.

- SEE the eternal Judge descending—
 S View him seated on his throne !
 Now poor sinner, now, lamenting,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom—
 Trumpets call thee ;
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.
- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
 Filled with dread of fiercer pain ;
 While in anguish thus lamenting,
 That he ne'er was born again—
 Greatly mourning,
 That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 Yonder sits my slighted Savior,
 With the marks of dying love ;
 O, that I had sought his favor,
 When I felt his spirit move—
 Golden moments,
 When I felt his spirit move !
- 4 Now despisers, look and wonder ;
 Hope and sinners here must part :
 Louder than a peal of thunder,
 Hear the dreadful sound, " Depart !"
 Lost forever,—
 Hear the dreadful sound, " Depart !"

126

L. M.

- A** WAKE my soul to joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise,
 He justly claims a song from me;
 His loving kindness, oh how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
 He sav'd me from my lost estate;
 His loving-kindness, oh how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along;
 His loving-kindness, oh how strong!
- 4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
 He, near my soul, has always stood,
 His loving-kindness, oh how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;
 But though I have him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 Oh, may my last expiring breath,
 His loving-kindness sing in death!

127

C. M.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
 And all with one accord,

In a perpetual cov'nant join,
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power ;
His name to glorify ;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind ;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now !

128

P. M.

O CARELESS sinner come,
Pray now attend ;
This world is not your home,
It soon will end.
Jehovah calls aloud,
Forsake the thoughtless crowd ;
Pursue the road to God,
And happy be.

2 No happiness you'll find,
While thus you go ;
No peace unto your mind,
But pain and wo
Attend you every day,
While far from God you stray ;

O sinner come away,
And ever live.

3 How many calls you've had,
I call again,
How can you be so bad,
So full of sin ;
As to refuse that voice
Which calls you to rejoice,
In making heaven your choice,
And shunning hell ?

4 Nor do I call alone ;
The Savior too,
E'en with his dying groan,
Cries, bid adieu
To all your lovers now,
And to his sceptre bow,
And he will tell you how
To live anew.

5 But if you will refuse,
Down, down you'll go,
And with the wicked choose
The road to wo ;
Alas, how can you slight
The rays of Gospel light,
And sink in endless night,
Where silence reigns ?

6 I bid you all farewell,
With aching heart,
And in deep sorrow, tell
That we must part,
While on to heaven we go,
And you are bound to wo ;

Alas! it must be so,
If you rebel.

7 I look on you again,
And hoping, say,
Why wout you leave your sin,
And come away
From satan's cruel power,
And live forever more,
And bless the joyful hour
That life begun?

8 All hail! welcome then
Your happy flight
From Kedar's tents of sin,
To glory bright;
We'll travel on with you,
And bid this world adieu,
And endless joys pursue,
Till all is ours.

9 There we will range around
The blissful plains,
Where pleasure has no bound,
And glory reigns;
We'll fall at Jesus' feet,
Where joys are all complete,
And blissful raptures meet,
Forevermore.

129

C. M.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

- 2 But, Father, since it is thy will
 That we must part again,
 O, may thy precious presence still,
 With every one remain.
- 3 And let us all in Christ be one,
 Bound with the cords of love ;
 Till we before thy glorious throne
 Shall joyful meet above.
- 4 All sin and sorrow from each heart
 Shall then forever fly ;
 Nor shall a thought that we must part
 Once interrupt our joy.

130

8s & 7s.

HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
 Hail! thou everlasting King ;
 Thou didst suffer to redeem us !
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail! thou agonizing Savior,
 Bearer of our sin and shame !
 By thy merits we find favor ;
 Life is given through thy name.

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid ;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made ;
 All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood ;
 Opened is the gate of heaven ;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

- 3 Jesus, Hail ! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide !
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side ;
 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare,
 Ever for us interceding,
 'Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises without ceasing
 Meet it is for us to give :
 Help ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Savior's merits ;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

131

S. M.

- A** CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age ;
 My calling to fulfill ;
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give !

- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

132

L. M.
Missions.

MILLIONS there are on heathen ground
 Who never heard the gospel's sound ;
 Lord, send it forth and let it run,
 Swift and reviving as the sun.

- 2 Guide thou their lips, who stand to tell
 Sinners the way that leads from hell ;
 To those who give, do thou impart,
 A generous, wise, and tender heart.
- 3 Lord crown their zeal, reward their care,
 That in thy grace they all may share ;
 And those who now in darkness dwell,
 Deliverance sing from guilt and hell.

133

C. M.

O FOR that tenderness of heart
 That bows before the Lord !
 That owns how just and good thou art,
 And trembles at thy word !

- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears
 Which from repentance flow !
 That sense of guilt, which, trembling, fears
 The long suspended blow !
- 3 Savior, to me in pity give
 For sin the deep distress ;

The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.

- 4 O, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above;
Thyself to me reveal.

134

P. M.

WHEN sorrows encompass around,
And deepest distresses I see;
Astonish'd I cried can a mortal be found,
That's surrounded with trouble like me.

- 2 Few moments of peace I enjoy,
And they are succeeded by pain,
If a moment of praising my God I enjoy,
I have hours again to complain.
- 3 O when will my sorrows be o'er,
O when will my sufferings cease,
O when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd
To mansions of glory in peace.
- 4 If souls disembodied could know,
Or visit their brother beneath;
I hope I shall join you as shouting you go,
After lying my corpse in the earth.
- 5 May no sorrows be vented that day,
When Jesus has called me home;
But with singing and shouting let each
brother say,
He has gone from the evil to come.

- 6 My spirit to glory convey'd,
 My body laid low in the ground ;
 I wish not a tear on my grave to be shed,
 But all join in praising around.
- 7 O when with the fullness of love,
 I then like an angel shall sing ;
 Till Christ shall descend with a shout from
 above,
 And make all creation to sing.
- 8 Our slumbering bodies obey ;
 And quicker than thought can arise ;
 Remov'd in a moment go shouting away,
 To the mansions above in the skies.

135

Es, 7s & 4s.

- G**UIDE me, oh thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
 Bread of heaven
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow ;
 Let the firey, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through ;
 Strong Deliverer !
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of Death, and hell's destruction,

Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
 Songs of praises—
 I will ever give to thee.

136

C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides
 And never withering flowers ;
 Death like a narrow sea divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise,—
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unobscured eyes ;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood
 And view the landscape o'er ;
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Could fright us from the shore.

137

C. M.

Night Thought.

HOW can I sleep when angels sing,
 And all the saints on high
 Cry glory to the eternal King,
 The Lamb that once did die?

2 For I of all the race that fell,
 Or all the heav'nly host,
 Have greatest cause with humble soul
 To love and praise him most.

3 Did God the Father love men so,
 As to bestow his Son
 A ransom, sinners to redeem,
 And save from wrath to come!

4 No longer then will I lie here,
 But rise to praise and pray:
 And join to sing, while I enjoy
 A glimpse of heavenly day.

138

C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice!
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
 With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 Who feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys,
 To fill an empty mind;

- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
 A soul-reviving feast;
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die;
 Here may you quench your raging thirst,
 In streams that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open all the day,
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

139

C. M.

FAREWELL vain world, I bid adieu,
 Your glories I despise;
 Your friendship I'll no more pursue,
 Your flatt'ries are but lies.

- 2 You promise happiness in vain,
 Nor can you satisfy;
 Your highest pleasures turn to pain,
 And all your treasures die.
- 3 Had I the Indies east and west,
 And riches of the sea;
 Without my God I could not rest,
 For he is all to me.
- 4 Then let my soul rise far above,
 By faith I'll take my wing,
 To the eternal realms of love,
 Where saints and angels sing.

140

P. M.

Parting of Friends.

WHEN shall we all meet again?
 When shall we all meet again?
 Oft shall glowing hope expire,
 Oft shall wearied love retire,
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
 Ere we all shall meet again.

- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;
 'Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls,
 And in fancy's wide domain,
 Oft shall we all meet again.
- 3 When our burnish'd locks are gray,
 Thin'd by many a toil-spent day;
 When around this youthful pine,
 Moss shall creep, and ivy twine,
 Long may this loved bower remain,
 Here may we all meet again.
- 4 When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasted lamps are dead;
 When in cold oblivion's shade,
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid—
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again.

141

P. M.

The Christian Sailor.

THE people called Christians
 Have many things they tell,

About the land of Canaan,
Where saints and angels dwell ;
But sin a dreadful ocean,
Encloses them around
With its tide still divides them
From Canaan's happy ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient
To find a passage through,
And with united vigor
Have tried what they could do ;
But vessels built by human skill
Have never sailed far,
Till we found them aground
On some dreadful sandy bar.

3 The everlasting gospel
Has launch'd to th' deep at last ;
Behold her sails extended
Around her towering mast ;
Along her deck in order,
Her joyful sailors stand,
Crying, " O, here we go
" To Immanuel's happy land ?"

4 To all that stand spectators
What anguish will ensue,
To hear their old companions,
Bid them a long adieu :
The pleasure of your paradise
Can us no more invite,
While we sail, you may rail,
But we'll soon be out of sight.

5 We're now on the wide ocean,
We bid this world farewell ;

And where we shall cast anchor
 No human tongue can tell :
 About our future destiny
 There needs no more debate,
 While we ride, on the tide,
 With the Captain and his Mate.

- 6 The passengers united,
 In order, peace and love ;
 The wind all in our favor,
 How sweetly we do move ;
 The tempest now assails us,
 The raging billows roar ;
 We will sweep through the deep,
 Till we reach that blessed shore.

142

L. M.

The Parting Hand.

MY Christian friends in bonds of love,
 Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
 Your friendship's like a drawing band,
 Yet we must take the parting hand.

- 2 Your company's sweet, your union's dear,
 Your words delightful to my ear ;
 And when I see that we must part,
 You draw like cords around my heart.
- 3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
 When we have met to sing and pray ;
 How loth we've been to leave the place
 Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
- 4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
 How would it cheer my fainting mind ;

But duty makes me understand
That we must take the parting hand.

- 5 Then since it is God's holy will
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say our Father's will be done.
- 6 Dear fellow youth in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, you'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting hands are known no more.
- 7 How oft I've seen your falling tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love have seemed to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
- 8 Ye mourning souls in sore surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries;
O trust his grace, and in that land
We'll no more take the parting hand.
- 9 My Christian friends, both old and young,
Have faith in Christ and you'll be strong;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.
- 10 I hope you'll all remember me,
If here my face you no more see,
An interest in your prayers I crave
That we may meet beyond the grave.
- 11 O glorious day! O blessed hope,
My heart leaps forward at the thought,
When in that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

143

L. M.

Tranquility.

- A**WAY my doubts, be gone my fear,
The wonders of the Lord appear,
The wonders which my Savior wrought,
O how delightful is the thought!
- 2 The wonders of redeeming love,
When first my heart was drawn above,
When first I saw my Savior's face,
And triumph'd in his pard'ning grace.
- 3 Pursue my thoughts this pleasing theme,
'Twas not a fancy nor a dream;
'Twas grace descending from the skies,
And shall be marv'lous in my eyes.
- 4 Long had I mourn'd like one forgot,
Long had my soul for comfort sought,
Jesus was witness to my tears,
And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.
- 5 He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress,
And cloth'd me with his righteousness;
He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And I rejoic'd as if in heaven.
- 6 How was I struck with sweet surprise,
While glory shone before my eyes!
How did I sing from day to day,
And wish'd to sing my soul away!
- 7 The world with all its pomp withdrew,
'Twas less than nothing in my view;
Redeeming grace was all my theme,
And life appear'd an idle dream.

- 8 I glori'd in my Savior's grace ;
 I sung my great Redeemer's praise ;
 My soul now long'd to soar away,
 And leave her tenement of clay.
- 9 The powers of hell in vain combin'd,
 To tempt or interrupt my mind,
 I saw and sung in joyful strains,
 The monster satan held in chains.
- 10 These are the wonders I record,
 The marv'ous goodness of the Lord,
 O for a tongue to speak his praise,
 To tell the triumphs of his grace.

144

P. M.

- C**OME saints and banish every fear ;
 The Lord has come I feel him here ;
 He's come our drooping souls to cheer ;
 It makes my heart rejoice :
 For I have made the choice
 To lift my feeble voice,
 And tune my lays
 To sing his praise,
 And make a joyful noise.
- 2 God's children here I love to greet,
 And cast my trophies at his feet,
 And all my Savior's praise repeat :
 More precious 'tis than gold.
 His love is never cold ;
 The story ne'er grows old ;
 'Tis growing new
 To me and you,
 The oft'ner it is told.

- 3 Amen, methinks I hear you say ;
 Our hearts rejoice from day to day,
 While up to heaven we wend our way,
 We shout as we ascend.
 And soon we do intend
 To see our journey's end,
 And join the choir,
 And sweep the lyre,
 And there our voices blend.
- 4 O ! what a glorious day 'twill be,
 When we each other's faces see,
 And join that glorious company
 Where fruits celestial grow.
 Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
 Where pleasures ever flow.
 The praise we'll sing
 Of Christ our king,
 Who ransomed us from wo.

145 11s. *On the death of a Young Woman.*

- O** HARK my gay friends to the melancholy sound,
 Death's arrows relentless are flying around ;
 And one of your number, a youth in her bloom,
 Is taken by death and laid low in the tomb.
- 2 Though when she was here, she was blooming & gay,
 Yet now she is called for, and taken away.
 How little she thought, to be summoned so soon
 Or that her bright sun, would be darkened e'er noon.
- 3 Altho' she is dead, she is speaking to you,
 Her language is this, " Bid your follies adieu,
 Seek God and prepare, for the last dreadful strife,
 That you may be saved, in the regions of life."
- 4 And now she is dead, she will soon be forgot,
 Her friends and relations remember her not ;

- Their sighs will be hushed, and their tears wiped away,
While her body lies mouldering and turning to clay.
- 5 Now here she must lie, till the resurrection morn,
When an immortal body, her soul will adorn;
Though her dust is reposing, beneath the cold clod,
Her spirit seems whispering, "Prepare to meet God."
- 6 She's gone from this world, and invites you to come,
Go read the inscription, engraved on her tomb;
Go down to the grave-yard, go learn you with care—
Important the lesson—"I too must lie there."

146

P. M.

- W**HEN for the eternal world I steer,
The seas are calm, the skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
The distant hills of Canaan rise,
My soul—for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings—
Vain world adieu.
- 2 With cheerful hope my eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore,
The trees of life and pastures green,
The golden streets and crystal streams,
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world adieu.
- 3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand,
With steady helm and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vale,
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings—
On Canaan's shore.

147

C. M.

O TELL me where the dove is flown
 To build her downy nest,
 And I will search the world around
 To win her to my breast.

2 I sought her in the rosy bower
 Where pleasure holds her reign ;
 Where fancy flies from flower to flower,
 But there I sought in vain.

3 I sought her in the bower of love,
 I knew her tender heart ;
 But she had flown—that peaceful dove
 Had felt the traitor's dart.

4 Upon ambition's craggy hill
 I thought this bird might stray,
 And there I sought, but vainly still ;
 She never flew that way.

5 Faith smiled and shed the tender tear
 To see me search around,
 And whispered " I can tell thee where
 The dove may yet be found.

6 In meek religion's humble cot
 She built her downy nest :
 Go, seek that sweet secluded spot
 And win her to thy breast."

148

C. M.

YE burden'd souls, to Jesus come,
 You need not be afraid ;

He loves to hear poor sinners cry,
He loves to hear them plead.

2 Ye humble souls, to Jesus come,
'Tis he who made you see
Your wretched, ruin'd, helpless state—
Your guilt and misery.

3 Christ is a friend to mourning souls,
Then why should you despair,
Since Saul and Mary Magdalene
Found grace and mercy here.

149

7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King;
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

CHORUS.

Victory! O Victory!
When we gain the victory.
O how happy we shall be
When we gain the victory.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made—
Us to save our flesh assumes;
Brother to our soul becomes.

- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
 There your seat is now prepar'd,
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
 On the borders of your land ;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bid's you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

150

P. M.

- S**INNER, hear the Savior call ;
 He now is passing by :
 He hath seen thy grievous thrall
 And heard thy mournful cry.
 He hath pardon to impart,
 Grace to save thee from thy fears :
 See what love hath filled his heart
 And wipe away thy tears.
- 2 Why art thou afraid to come
 And tell him all thy case ?
 He will not pronounce thy doom,
 Nor frown thee from his face.
 Wilt thou fear Immanuel ?
 Wilt thou fear the Lamb of God ?
 He to save thy soul from hell,
 Has spilt his precious blood.

- 3 Mark, how on the cross he hung,
 Pierced with a thousand wounds :
 Hark ! from each, as with a tongue,
 The voice of pardon sounds.
 See from all his bursting veins,
 Blood of wondrous virtue flow ;
 Shed to wash away thy stains ;
 And ransom thee from wo.
- 4 Though his majesty is great,
 His mercies are no less :
 Though he thy transgression hate
 He feels for thy distress.
 By himself the Lord hath sworn
 He delights not in thy death,
 But invites thee to return,
 That thou mayest live by faith.
- 5 Raise thy downcast eyes and see
 What throngs the throne surround ;
 They, though sinners once like thee,
 Have full salvation found.
 Yield not then to unbelief,
 While he says there yet is room :
 Though of sinners thou art chief
 Since Jesus calls thee, come.

151

P. M.

RELIGION is a most glorious treasure,
 The purchase of a Savior's love ;
 It fills the soul with unbounded pleasure,
 And lifts the heart to things above.
 It sooths our fears and gives consolation ;
 It smooths the way o'er life's rough sea.

- 'Tis gentle goodness and humble patience ;
 This heavenly treasure mine shall be.
- 2 How vain, how fleeting, how transitory,
 This world with all its pomp and show ;
 Its vain delight and delusive glory ;
 I'd gladly leave them all below.
 But pure religion will last forever,
 And strengthen'd my glad heart shall be :
 While endless ages are onward rolling
 This heavenly treasure mine shall be.
- 3 This earthly temple is now dissolving
 And mortal life will soon be o'er, [ing,
 These earthly cares and these scenes revolv-
 Will pain my eyes and ears no more.
 But grace and heaven shall be my story,
 While I in Jesus such beauty see ;
 'Tis meekness, goodness and life and glory ;
 This heavenly treasure mine shall be.

152

PART 1ST.

I CALL to my remembrance
 I My former happy days :
 My days were spent in pleasure,
 My nights in prayer and praise ;
 But since I've lost my Savior,
 I rove in sin's domain :
 Alas ! I am abandoned ;
 He will not come again.

- 2 Like Jonah, I have fled from
 The presence of the Lord.
 Like Peter I've denied him

And trampled on his word.
 Like Judas I have sold him
 For a little sordid gain.
 But now I'd leave my treasure,
 Might I my Christ obtain.

3 I wandered from Jerusalem
 Down near to Jericho,
 I fell among the robbers,
 I tasted grief and wo ;
 I'm wounded and I'm bruised,
 My garments deeply stained :
 I'm poor, distress and weary ;
 How can I come again ?

4 I am a mourning captive,
 In far Assyrian lands ;
 I weep beneath the willows,
 I mourn upon the strand.
 I feel the howling tempest,
 My heart is sorely pained ;
 I'm poor, despised and needy ;
 I dare not come again.

5 I hear the songs of Zion,
 But cannot sing them now ;
 My harp untuned is hanging
 Upon the yielding bough :
 God's people long have mourned me,
 As one that had been slain :
 I'm lost ! I'm lost forever ;
 I cannot come again.

PART. 2D.

1 Hark ! listen to the Savior's voice,
 'Tis mercy from the skies ;

He'll make thy mourning heart rejoice,
He calls thee to arise.
Present to him thy offering,
Thy suit he'll not disdain ;
O come backsliding sinner,
He bids thee come again.

2 I saved apostate Jonah
Amidst the foaming flood ;
I pardoned trembling Peter,
When he returned to God ;
I am the good Samaritan,
I'll soothe thy every pain ;
So come backsliding sinner,
For thou mayest come again.

3 To liberate the captive,
My mercy cannot fail ;
I rescued Paul and Silas
When they were bound in jail ;
I broke death's iron slumbers
In Bethany and Nain ;
Dismiss your doubts and troubles,
For thou mayest come again.

4 I'll press thee to my bosom,
I'll fill thee with my love ;
I'll heal all thy backslidings,
With balsam from above :
I've pledged my oath and promise
That none shall come in vain :
Rejoice backsliding sinner,
The Lord is thine again.

5 How faithful to his promise
The Lord has been to me ;

He's cleansed my filthy garments,
 From every stain I'm free :
 I'll shout loud hallelujahs,
 I'll sing in highest strains,
 My heart is filled with rapture,
 'The Lord is mine again.

153

WILL you come to the cross I have died on for you,
 To save you from death, which was justly your
 due ?

Say, will you—will you—will you—will you come to
 the cross ?

2 And while at my feet in contrition you lie,
 I'll hush with my love every penitent sigh.

Say, will you—will you—will you—will you take up
 the cross ?

3 'Tis your Savior that calls, 'tis your God that im-
 plores

You sinners to turn and be sinners no more.

Say, will you—will you—will you—will you turn
 and be free ?

4 Be free from the world, its temptation and care,
 And take up the cross ? it is easy to bear.

Say, will you—will you—will you—will you take up
 the cross ?

5 'Twill be feet for the lame and support for the frail,
 And a weapon of war, when thy foes shall assail.

Say, will you—will you—will you—will you take up
 the cross ?

6 I've a mansion prepared for the poor and distress'd,
 Where the thief enters not and the weary find rest.

Say, will you—will you—will you—will you dwell
 with me there ?

7 Sinner, take up the cross : in that heavenly land

I've a crown for thy head and a palm for thy hand.

Say, will you—will you—will you—will you reign
 with me there ?

154

A LITTLE while longer here below,
 A little while longer here below,
 A little while longer here below,
 And home to glory we shall go.

CHORUS.

For I'm happy now and I shall be then,
 If I hold out to my journey's end.

- 2 Come brethren will you meet me there, &c.
 And in God's Kingdom have a share.
- 3 Come sisters will you meet me there, &c.
 And in God's Kingdom have a share?
- 4 Come sinners will you meet me there, &c.
 And in God's Kingdom have a share?
- 5 Backsliders will you meet me there, &c.
 And in God's Kingdom have a share?
- 6 By the grace of God I'll meet you there, &c.
 And in God's Kingdom have a share.
- 7 If you get there before I do, &c.
 Then look ye out, for I'm coming too.
- 8 If I get there before you do, &c.
 I'll be on my watch and look out for you.

155

Invitation.

We're trav'ling home to heaven above—Will you
 go? Will you go?
 To sing the Savior's dying love—Will you go? Will
 you go?

- Millions have reached this blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God.
And millions now are on the road—Will you go?
Will you go?
- 2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,—Will you go? Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,—Will you go? Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of Heaven we'll share! Will you go? Will you go?
- 3 We're going to join the Heavenly Choir,—Will you go? Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,—Will you go? Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,—Will you go? Will you go?
- 4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,—Will you go? Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,—Will you go? Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,—Come believe, O believe!
- 5 The way to Heaven is free for all,—Will you go? Will you go?
For Jew and Gentile—great and small,—Will you go? Will you go?
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start,—Come away! Come away!
- 6 The way to Heaven is strait and plain,—Will you go? Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,—Will you go? Will you go?

The Savior cries aloud for thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,"
 And thou shalt my salvation see,—Come to me!
 Come to me!

- 7 O, could I hear some sinner say,—I will go! I will
 go!
 I'll start this moment, clear the way,—Let me go!
 Let me go!
 My old companions, fare you well,
 I will not go with you to hell,
 I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,—Let me go!
 Fare you well!

156

P. M.

O STAGGER not through unbelief—
 Through unbelief—through unbelief—

O stagger not through unbelief
 For God hath spoke the word—
 For God hath spoke the word—
 For God hath spoke the word.

O stagger not through unbelief—
 For God hath spoke the word.

- 2 'Tis Jesus' blood that cleanses you, &c.
 As soon as you believe, &c.
- 3 Then cast your souls on Jesus' blood, &c.
 'Twill wash you white as snow, &c.
- 4 He saves me now, I do believe, &c.
 O bless his lovely name, &c.
- 5 O death to me has lost its sting, &c.
 For I've Jesus in my soul, &c.
- 6 O that will be most joyful, &c.
 To meet to part no more—

To meet to part no more—
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 And shout loud hallelujahs with
 The saints who've gone before.

157 L. M. DOUBLE.
Ye have done it unto me. Matt. 25:40.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer "nay :"
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Whither he went, or whence he came,
 Yet there was something in his eye
 That won my love, I knew not why.

2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered ; not a word he spake ;
 Just perishing for want of bread ;
 I gave him all : he blessed it, brake,
 And ate,—but gave me part again.
 Mine was an angel's portion then,
 For while I fed with eager haste,
 That crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
 Clear from the rock ; his strength was
 gone ;
 The heedless water mocked his thirst,
 He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
 I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
 Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
 Dipt, and returned it running o'er ;
 I drank, and never thirsted more.

- 4 'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof ;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.
- 5 Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed ;
I had myself a wound concealed ;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.
- 6 In prison I saw him next condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'midst shame and scorn :
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked, if I for him would die ;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, " I will."
- 7 Then, in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Savior stood before mine eyes :
He spake ; and my poor name he named ;
" Of me thou hast not been ashamed :"
These deeds shall thy memorial be ?
Fear not, thou didst them unto me.

158

The Savior's Call.

ROUSE ye at the Savior's call!
 Sinners rouse ye one and all;
 Wake! or soon your souls will fall,
 Fall in deep despair.

Wo to him who turns away,
 Jesus kindly calls to-day;
 Come O sinner, while you may,
 Raise your soul in prayer.

2 Heard ye not the Savior cry?
 "Turn, O turn, why will you die!"
 And in keenest agony,
 Mourn too late your doom!
 Haste, for time is rushing on!
 Soon the fleeting hour is gone,
 The lifted arrow flies anon,
 To sink you in the tomb!

3 By the Savior's bleeding love,
 By the joys of heaven above,
 Let these words your spirits move;
 Quick to Jesus fly!
 Come and save your souls from death,
 Haste! escape Jehovah's wrath,
 Fly! for life's a fleeting breath,
 Soon, O soon you'll die.

159

P. M.

COME brothers, will you go along with me
 For to seek a happy home,

And you'll die in the arms of Jesus ;
 O to list in the field of battle,
 Fight in the field of battle,
 Die in the field of battle,
 Glory in our souls.

2 Come sisters, will you go along with me, &c.

3 Come sinners, will you go along with me, &c.

4 Backsliders will you go along with me, &c.

160

C. M.

The Land of Rest.

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh,
 When will the moments come,
 When I shall lay my armor by
 And dwell with Christ at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful, sheltering dome,
 This world's a wilderness of wo,
 This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And fly for succor to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.

4 I should at once have quit the field,
 Where foes in fury roam,
 But ah, my passport was not sealed,
 I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
 I viewed the gaping tomb,

Although I dread death's chilling tide,
 Yet still I sighed for home.

- 6 Weary of wandering round and round
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

161

P. M.

THIS night my soul has caught new fire,
 Halle hallelujah!
 I feel that heaven is drawing nigher,
 Glory Hallelujah!
 I long to drop this cumbrous clay,
 Halle hallelujah,
 And shout with saints in endless day,
 Glory Hallelujah!

CHORUS.

Shout, shout, we are gaining ground,
 Halle hallelujah!
 Satan's kingdom 's tumbling down,
 Glory Hallelujah!

- 2 When Christians pray the devil runs,
 And leaves the field to Zion's sons;
 One praying soul will put to flight,
 Ten thousand blust'ring sons of night.
- 3 Ye little Samsons up and fight,
 Put the Philistian host to flight;
 The troops of hell are must'ring round,
 But Zion's sons,—maintain your ground.
- 4 The heavenly flame is now begun
 And soon the vict'ry will be won,

Some foes are wounded, others fell,
The Lord is saving souls from hell.

5 See Gideon marching out to fight,
He had no weapon but a light,
He took his pitcher and his lamp,
And storm'd with these the Midian's camp

6 Our conflicts here will soon be past,
When satan into hell is cast ;
Then we shall lay our armor by,
And shout the vict'ry thro' the sky.

162

C. M.

LORD ! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Then to thine house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But they who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of truth and grace ;

Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

163

Canaan.

TOGETHER let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
Together let us sweetly die,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

O, Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan :
O Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;

If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
Look out for me I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

I have some friends before me gone,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
And I'm resolv'd to travel on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
While higher still our joys they rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;

Then come with me beloved friend,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

164

WHAT is this that steals upon my frame—
 Is it death?—Is it death?
 Which will quench, this vital flame,
 Is it death?—Is it death?
 If this be death, I soon shall be
 From every pain and sorrow free—
 I shall the King of glory see—
 All is well—All is well.

2 Weep not my friends, weep not for me—
 All is well—All is well.
 My sins are pardoned, I am free—
 All is well—All is well.
 There's not a cloud that doth arise
 To hide my Jesus from my eyes,
 I soon shall mount the upper skies—
 All is well—All is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory—
 All is well—All is well.
 I will rehearse the pleasing story—
 All is well—All is well.
 Bright angels are from glory come,
 They're round my bed, and in my room,
 They wait to waft my spirit home—
 All is well—All is well.

4 Hark! Hark! my Lord and Master calls me—
 All is well—All is well.
 I soon shall see his face in glory—
 All is well—All is well.
 Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you,
 My glittering crown appears in view—
 All is well—All is well.

5 Hail! Hail! all hail, ye blood washed throng—
 Saved by grace,—Saved by grace.
 I've come to join your rapturous song—
 Saved by grace,—Saved by grace.
 All, all is peace and joy divine
 And heaven and glory now are mine,
 Forever with the blest to shine—
 All is well—All is well.

165

P. M.

WHERE is now a righteous Noah?
 Where is now a righteous Noah?
 Where is now a righteous Noah?

Safe in the promis'd land.

He went up through a flood of water,
 He went up through a flood of water,
 He went up through a flood of water,
 Safe in the promis'd land.

CHORUS.

By and by we do hope to meet him,
 By and by we do hope to meet him,
 By and by we do hope to meet him,
 Safe in the promis'd land.

- 2 Where is now good old Elijah, &c.
 He went up both soul and body, &c.
- 3 Where are now the ancient worthies, &c.
 They went up through a fiery furnace, &c.
- 4 Where is now a praying Daniel, &c.
 He went up through a den of lions, &c.
- 5 Where is now a Paul and Silas, &c.
 They went up through tribulation, &c.

166

The Happy Man.

HOW happy is the man who has chosen wisdom's
 ways,
 And measured out a span to his God in prayer and
 praise;

- His God and his Bible are all he desires,
 To holiness of heart he continually aspires.
 In poverty he's happy, for he knows he has a Friend
 Who never will forsake him till the world shall have
 an end.
- 2 He rises in the morning, with the lark he tunes his
 lays,
 And offers up his tribute to his God in prayer and
 praise,
 And then to labors he cheerfully repairs,
 In confidence believing that God will hear his prayers.
 Whatever he engages in at home or abroad,
 His object is to honor and to glorify his God.
- 3 In sickness, pain and sorrow, he never will repine,
 While he is drawing nourishment from Christ the
 living vine.
 When trouble presses heavy, he'll lean on Jesus'
 breast,
 And in his precious promises he finds a quiet rest.
 The yoke of Christ is easy, and his burden always
 light,
 He lives, nor is he weary till Canaan heaves in sight.
- 4 'Tis thus you have his history through life from day
 to day,
 Religion is no mystery, with him 'tis a beaten way ;
 And when upon his pillow he lies down to die,
 In hope he rejoices for he knows his God is nigh.
 And when life's lamp is flickering, his soul on wings
 of love,
 Hies away to realms of glory, there to reign with
 Christ above.
- 5 And now his spirit's happy, for he's gained the holy
 land,
 With a crown of glory on his head, and palm in his
 hand,
 With saints, priests and prophets, he'll sweep the
 golden lyre,
 And shout loud hallelujahs with all the heavenly
 choir.
 He's happy, in eternity his joy will be complete,
 With angels now he's bowing round his glorious Sa-
 vior's feet.

167

L. M.

The Young Convert.

WHEN converts first begin to sing,
 Wonder, Wonder, Wonder,
 Their happy souls are on the wing,
 Glory, Hallelujah,
 Their theme is all redeeming love,
 Glory, Hallelujah,
 Fain would they be with Christ above,
 Sing Glory, Hallelujah.

- 2 With admiration they behold,
 The love of Christ that can't be told,
 They view themselves upon the shore,
 And think the battle all is o'er.
- 3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
 And think their enemies are slain;
 They make no doubt but all is well,
 And satan is cast down to hell.
- 4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring;
 Ring with melodious, joyful sound,
 Because a prodigal is found.
- 5 Come take up arms and face the field,
 Come gird on harness, sword and shield,
 Stand fast in faith, fight for your king,
 And soon the vict'ry you shall win.
- 6 When satan comes to tempt your minds,
 Then meet him with these blessed lines—
 Jesus our Lord has swept the field,
 And we're determined not to yield.

168

P. M.

Joseph made known to his brethren, or Jesus revealed to the soul.

WHEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
 Afflicted and trembling with fear,
 His heart with compassion was fill'd,
 From weeping he could not forbear ;

- 2 Awhile his behavior was rough,
 To bring their past sins to their mind :
 But when they were humbled enough,
 He hastened to show himself kind.
- 3 How little they thought it was he,
 Whom they had ill treated and sold !
 How great their confusion must be,
 As soon as his name he had told !
- 4 " I'm Joseph, your brother, he said,
 And still to my heart you are dear ;
 You sold me, and thought I was dead,
 But God, for your sakes, sent me here."
- 5 Though greatly distressed before,
 When charged with purloining the cup,
 They now were confounded much more,
 Not one of them durst look up.
- 6 Can Joseph whom we would have slain,
 Forgive us the evil we did ?
 And will he our household maintain ?
 O, this is a brother indeed !

- 7 Thus dragg'd by my conscience I came,
When laden with guilt, to the Lord;
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.
- 8 At first he look'd stern and severe;
What anguish then pierced my heart!
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence—Thou cursed depart!
- 9 But oh! what surprise when he spoke—
While tenderness beam'd in his face—
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace:
- 10 Poor sinners, I know thee full well—
By thee I was sold and was slain,
But I died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.
- 11 I'm Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem'd
And crucifi'd often afresh;
But let me henceforth be esteem'd
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh.
- 12 My pardon I freely bestow,
Thy wants I freely supply,
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high.
- 13 Go, publish to sinners around,
That they may be willing to come,
The mercy which now you have found—
And tell them that yet there is room.
- 14 Oh, sinner, the message obey,
No more vain excuses pretend,

But come without further delay,
To Jesus, your brother and friend.

169

C. M.

The Prodigal.

AFFLICTIONS though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent,
They stop'd the prodigal's career
And caused him to repent.

CHORUS.

I die with hunger here, he cries,
I starve in foreign lands;
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

2 His Father saw him coming back,
He saw, and run, and smil'd,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

3 Father, I've sinned, but O forgive!
Enough the Father said;
Rejoice my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.

CHORUS.

I die with hunger now no more,
Nor starve in foreign lands;
My Father's house has bread in store,
And bounteous are his hands.

4 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead and lives again:
Was lost but now is found.

'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home,
 More than a Father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

170

WILL you go sinner, go
 To the highlands of heaven,
 Where the storms never blow
 Where a long summer's given,
 Where the bright purple flowers
 Are their odors emitting,
 And the leaves in the bowers
 In the life breeze are flitting?
 Where the rich golden fruit—
 Is in bright clusters pending,
 And the deep laden boughs
 Of life's fair tree are bending,
 And where life's crystal stream
 Is unceasingly flowing,
 And the verdure is green
 And eternally growing?
 Where the saints, robed in white,
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 Shall inhabit the mountain;
 Where no death nor dismay,
 Neither trouble nor sorrow
 Shall be felt for to-day,
 Nor feared for to-morrow?
 I've prepared thee a home;
 Sinner canst thou believe it!

And invite thee to come :

Come, O come and receive it !

Will you sinner, come ;

For the tide is receding,

And thy Savior will soon,

And forever, cease pleading.

171

P. M.

HEARKEN ye sprightly, and attend ye vain ones,
 Pause in your mirth, adversity consider ;
 Learn from a friend's pen, sentimental, painful,
 Sick-bed reflection.

- 2 Healthful and gay, like you I spent my moments,
 Fondly my heart said, joy shall last forever ;
 But I'd forgotten man has no enjoyments,
 But by permission.
- 3 Sudden and awful from the height of pleasure,
 By pain and sickness thrown upon a death-bed ;
 Vain is its softness to assuage the pain of
 Raging disorder.
- 4 Kindest attention by my friends most humane,
 With the profound skill of a kind physician ;
 All skill is baffled, while distress and anguish
 Tortured my whole frame.
- 5 Vain are my groanings, all complaints are fruitless,
 Changing my place doth not abate my fever ;
 Here, here like a reptile on a bed of embers,
 Tortur'd I languish.
- 6 Hopes of recov'ry my fond heart indulged,
 Till my physician, to my great amazement,
 Kindly inform'd me that my case was desp'rate ;
 Death swift approaching.
- 7 Wonders on wonders to my view now open ;
 Life is receding, to the grave I am hast'ning :
 Am I prepared ? this dread moment must I
 Meet my Creator ?

- 8 Twenty-five years I've spent, without considering
 Man was a mortal, dependent on a moment ;
 Life but a shadow, time a flying arrow,
 Quick to dispel it.
- 9 Oh have I listen'd while death bells were tolling,
 Seen the graves open, with spectators mourning,
 But was myself, in spite of all these warnings,
 Long life expecting.
- 10 Counsels I've slighted, warnings I've rejected,
 In my gay moments, thoughts of death I've banish'd,
 When grown gray-headed, often I've resolved
 Death to prepare for.
- 11 Time in advance to me seem'd moving slowly,
 Days without number I proposed for pleasure ;
 But they are blasted ! Now behold the end of
 Procrastination ?
- 12 Tortured in body, not a limb escapes it,
 No sweet composure to direct one prayer,
 All is disorder ! yet my state eternal
 Now is depending.
- 13 O, ghastly death ! pray stop one moment longer,
 While I give warning to my gay companions !
 No time is granted for expostulation ;
 Shun my example.

172

P. M.
Christ in the Garden.

WHILE nature was smiling in stillness to rest,
 And the last beams of daylight were dim in the
 west ;

O'er fields by pale moonlight in lonely retreat,
 In deep meditation I wandered my feet.

- 2 I passed a garden—I paused to hear
 A voice faint and fault'ring from one kneeling there ;
 The voice of the mourner affected my heart,
 While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.
- 3 In offering to heaven his pitying prayer,
 He spake of the torments the sinner must bear ;

- His life as a ransom he offered to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.
- 4 I listened a while, then turned me to see
What man of compassion this stranger could be ;
When lo ! I discovered, knelt on the cold ground,
The loveliest being that ever was formed.
- 5 His mantle was wet with the dews of the night—
His locks, by pale moonlight, were glist'ning and
bright ;
His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were raised,
While around him in grandeur stood angels amaz'd.
- 6 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayer,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood and
tears !
I wept to behold him, and asked his name,
He answered, 'Tis JESUS ! from heaven I came.
- 7 I am thy *Redeemer*—for thee I must die,
The cup is most painful but cannot pass by ;
Thy sins, which are many, are laid upon me,
And all this sore anguish I suffer for thee !
- 8 I heard with attention the tale of his wo,
While tears of repentance like rivers did flow ;
The cause of his sorrow, to hear him repeat,
Afflicted my heart, and I fell at his feet :
- 9 With the voice of contrition I loudly did cry,
Lord, save, or I perish—O, save, or I die !
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me, Live !
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive !
- 10 How sweet was that sentence, which made me re-
joice !
His looks, how consoling ! how charming his voice !
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad,
And shouted hosannah—*O glory to God !*
- 11 I'm now on my journèy to mansions above—
My soul's full of glory, of life, light, and love ;
I think of the garden, the sweat, and the tears,
And of that lovely stranger who banished my fears.

- 12 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
 When Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound ;
 My soul then in raptures of glory will rise
 To gaze on the stranger with unclouded eyes .

173

P. M.
Protection.

LOW down in this beautiful valley,
 Where love crowns the meek and the
 lowly,

Where loud storms of envy and folly
 May roll on their billows in vain.

- 2 This low vale is far from contention,
 There's no soul can dream of dissension,
 No dark wiles of evil invention,
 Can find out those regions of peace.
- 3 The low soul in humble subjection,
 Shall there find unshaken protection ;
 The soft gales of cheering reflection,
 The mind soothes in sorrow and pain.
- 4 O there, there the Lord will deliver,
 And souls drink this beautiful river ;
 Which flows peace forever and ever,
 Where love and joy will always increase.

174

PARENTS and children there may part,
 Parents and children there may part,
 Parents and children there may part,
 May part to meet no more.

CHORUS.

O there will be mourning, mourning, mourn-
 ing, mourning,

O there will be mourning at the judgment
seat of Christ.

- 2 Wives and husbands there may part, &c.
 - 3 Brothers and sisters there may part, &c.
 - 4 Friends and neighbors there may part, &c.
 - 5 Pastors and people there may part, &c.
 - 6 Devils and sinners there will meet, &c.
 - 7 Saints and angels there will meet, &c.
- O there will be shouting, &c.

175

L. M.

The Hiding Place.

HAIL heavenly love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place.

- 2 Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Enwrapp'd in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I run the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.
- 4 But lo! the eternal counsel ran,
Almighty love arrest the man.
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

- 5 Eternal justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place.
- 6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy to my soul appear'd,
She led me on a pleasing pace
To Jesus Christ my hiding place.
- 7 Should storms of sevenfold thunder roll
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunderbolt would daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 8 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

176

P. M.

- T**HIS morning most sweetly the gales are a blowing,
And pleasant the breezes from mount Calvary;
The sepulchre's open, the odors are flowing;
Breathe gently, sweet zephyrs, breathe gently on
me.
- On this blessed morning my Savior was rising,
The chains of mortality fully despising,
His suff'rings are over, he's done agonizing;
This morning my Savior will think upon me.
- 2 And now to the house that's appointed for praying,
For worship that's social we'll quickly repair:
In service so pleasing there needs no delaying;
The stone is roll'd back and the Lord will be there.
Rise quickly, my soul, and shake off thy dull slum-
bers;
In melody raise all your rapturous numbers;

For Jesus is pleased when recounting his members,
To find you like Mary when early at prayer.

3 And now, blessed Lord, while our bodies assemble
And we on our knees lift our voices in prayer,
O grant that our spirits in truth may be humble,
That we may thy blessings abundantly share.
In all our cold hearts may a flame now be kindled,
Our raptures be one and our tears be commingled,
Our motives concentrate, our mind's eye be single,
Nor we with each other our spirits compare.

4 A Sabbath we have, and a bright Sabbath morning
An emblem of heaven that long Sabbath day,
Where Jesus our Savior our spirits adorning
Shall change to immortal these bodies of clay.
We look to the cross and behold it all gory ;
We turn from the tomb and repeat Mary's story,
And humbly rejoice in the view of bright glo y ;
Then let us bow down and for poor sinners pray.

177

L. M.
Prayer.

THERE is an hour divinely blest,
Where earth-born cares are hushed to
rest,
When angel spirits hover near,—
It is the holy hour of prayer.

2 There is a place my soul loves well,
Where holy thoughts the bosom swell ;
There I can oft alone repair,
It is the place of secret prayer.

3 There is a time to me most sweet,
When friend with friend can gently meet ;
'Tis round the sacred altar, where
The lov'd of home unite in prayer.

- 4 There is a sweet, a lovely spot,
Where all our toils are oft forgot;
And friends and foes assemble there,
'Tis in the house of social prayer.
- 5 And often too I fain would go,
Where all may meet while here below;
The rich, the poor, the young and fair,
'Tis in the house of public prayer.
- 6 But there's a place of heavenly rest,
Where saints departed all are blest.
Dear Jesus, may this be my prayer,
That I may dwell forever there.

178

C. M.

WITH love of pity, I look round
Upon my fellow clay—
See men reject the gospel sound,
Good God! what shall I say?

- 2 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners! come away:
The Savior's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.
- 3 Do not refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
To execute his law.
- 4 Then where, poor sinners, will you be,
If destitute of grace;
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
And stand before his face?

- 5 Let not these warnings be in vain,
 But lend a list'ning ear,
 Lest you should meet them all again,
 When wrapped in keen despair.

179

P. M.

- T**HE glorious light of Zion is spreading far and wide,
 And sinners now are coming into the gospel tide,
 The standard of King Jesus doth now in triumph rise,
 And sinners crowd around it, with bitter shrieks and cries.
- 2 The suff'rings of the Savior upon mount Calvary,
 Are sounding sweet to sinners, come this will set you free !
 And while this glorious message is circulating round,
 Some souls expos'd to ruin, redeeming love have found.
- 3 And of that happy number, I hope that I am one,
 And Jesus Christ will finish the work he has begun ;
 He'll cut it short in righteousness, and I'll forever be
 A monument of mercy in all eternity.
- 4 I am but a young convert, I lately did enlist,
 A soldier under Jesus, my Captain, King and Priest :
 I have receiv'd my bounty, likewise my martial dress,
 A ring of love and favor, a robe of righteousness.
- 5 Down into the water young converts love to go,
 To serve our Lord and Master in righteous acts below ;
 To lay our sinful bodies beneath the yielding wave ;
 An emblem of the Savior, when he lay in the grave.
- 6 Poor sinners, think what Jesus has done for you and me,
 Behold his bleeding body suspended on the tree !
 His bleeding head, his hands, his side, he doth to you display ;
 Come tell me fellow sinner, how can you stay away !

- 7 Come all ye elder brethren, who're soldiers of the
 cross,
 Who for the sake of Jesus have counted all things
 dross,
 Come pray for us young converts, that we may trav-
 el on,
 And meet you all in glory, where our Redeemer's
 gone.

180

8s & 7s.

- C**OME, ye converts, come and welcome ;
 All the saints are saying, come ;
 Joyfully we now receive you
 To the church, your future home ;
 Come and welcome, come and welcome,
 In our hearts there yet is room.
- 2 Stay no longer, stay no longer,
 From your blessed Savior's fold ;
 Come, dear youth, ye lambs of Jesus,
 He himself has bid you come ;
 With his people, with his people,
 Join yourselves, and be at home.
- 3 Now accept the pledge we give you,
 While our hands with yours we join,
 While our hearts unite together
 In the bonds of love divine ;
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 May we all henceforth be thine.
- 4 Now the vows of God are on you
 Be the slaves of sin no more ;
 O be humble, holy, faithful,
 Till the toils of life are o'er ;
 Then, dear brethren, then, dear sisters,
 May we meet on Canaan's shore.

181

L. M.

PRAYER was appointed to convey,
 The blessings God designs to give ;
 Long as they live should Christians pray,
 For only while they pray they live.

- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay,
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,
 The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak :
 Though thought be broken, language lame
 Pray, if thou canst, or canst not, speak ;
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

182

L. M.

WHAT ship is this that is now sailing by,
 O, glory halle hallelujah !
 What ship is this that is now sailing by,
 O glory halle hallelujah !
 It's the old ship of Zion, hallelujah !
 It's the old ship of Zion, hallelujah.

- 2 Do you think she will be able to carry us all through, &c.
 Yes she's landed many a thousand, hallelujah, &c.
- 3 She has landed many a thousand and she'll land as
 many more, &c.
 She will land us over Jordan, hallelujah, &c.
- 4 What will the Christian do when the lamp of life
 goes out, &c.
 He'll go shouting home to glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 5 I anticipate that day when we all shall get home, &c.
 There we'll praise the King of glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 6 Is there any body here that is going my way, &c.
 We will journey on together, hallelujah, &c.

183

C. P. M.

AS near to Calvary I pass,
Methinks I see a bloody cross,
Where a poor victim hangs;
His flesh with rugged irons tore,
His limbs all dress'd in purple gore,
Gasping in dying pangs.

2 Surpris'd the spectacle to see,
I ask'd, who can this victim be
In such exquisite pain?
Why thus consign'd to woes, I cried;
" 'Tis I," the bleeding Son replied,
" To save the world from sin."

3 Jesus for rebel mortals dies?
How can it be! my soul replies.
What! Jesus die for me?
" Yes," saith the suffering Son of God,
" I give my life, I spill my blood,
" For thee, poor soul, for thee."

4 Lord, since thy life thou'st freely giv'n,
To bring my wretched soul to heav'n,
And bless me with thy love,
Then at thy feet, O God, I'll fall,
Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
To reign with thee above.

184

P. M.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Savior,
Come and bid our jarrings cease;

Come, O come, and reign forever,
 God of love, and Prince of peace ;
 Visit now thy precious Zion,
 Hear thy people mourn and weep,
 Day and night thy lambs are crying,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
 Some for Cephas—none agree ;
 Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee.
 Then we'll rush through what incumbers,
 Over every hind'rance leap,
 Undismay'd by force or numbers :
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Lord in us there is no merit,
 We've been sinners from our youth,
 Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
 Which shall teach us all the truth.
 On the gospel word we'll venture,
 Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
 Love our Lord and Christ our Savior,
 O, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
 Persecution rages here,
 Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
 While our Shepherd is so near ;
 Glory, glory, be to Jesus,
 At his name our hearts do leap :
 He both comforts us and frees us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5 Here's the Prince of your salvation,
 Saying, fear not little flock ;

I myself am your foundation,
 You are built upon this rock ;
 Shun the path of vice and folly,
 Scale the mount, although it 's steep,
 Look to me and be ye holy,
 I delight to feed my sheep.

- 6 Christ alone whose merit saves us,
 Taught by him we'll own his name,
 Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
 How it doth our souls inflame !
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Give him glory, he will keep ;
 He will clear your way before you,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

185

P. M.

AS Jacob on his journey went,
 By God and by his parents sent,
 He came to Bethel, where he lay,
 And waited for another day ;
 A stone was for his pillow laid
 And the cold ground composed his bed ;
 The darkness shrouded him around,
 And the blue heavens above the ground.

- 2 All nature lay composed to peace,
 And the sweet birds their minstrel cease,
 And as he slept he in a dream,
 Beheld the wonder now my theme ;
 A ladder of amazing length,
 Of equal breadth, of equal strength,
 The foot on earth was set in love,
 The top did reach to heaven above.

The Lord above this ladder stood
As Jacob gazed and heard the word ;
I am thy father's God, dear man,
'To Abra'm I've revealed my plan ;
The same to Isaac I've reveal'd,
'The promise now to thee I've seal'd.
Thou shalt be blest, and in thy seed
All nations shall be blest indeed.

This ladder's rounds composed of love,
Direct the soul to God above,
The sides are truth and grace divine,
In Christ the Lamb they meet and shine.
O, what a bright, a sweet display,
To heaven it is the only way,
A lovely, blessed, glorious scheme,
By which the gate of heaven is seen.

With peace of mind did Jacob wake ;
With words he did his silence break ;
This place is awful, lonely, sweet,
The house of God 'tis heaven's gate,
This ladder for support is made,
To go and come as we have need ;
So Jesus is the Christian's all,
He holds us up or we should fall.

If you climb the building's top,
'Tis by the help of such a prop ;
The way to heaven if you would know,
On Jacob's ladder you must go :
By faith we climb this ladder up,
By faith ascend unto the top,
And every step is made by grace,
'To reach our glorious hiding place.

186

C. M.

WHY, O my soul, why weepest thou ?
 Tell me from whence arise
 Those briny tears that often flow,
 Those groans that pierce the skies ?

2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
 Or the chastising rod ?
 Dost thou an evil heart lament,
 And mourn an absent God ?

3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin,
 And after none but thee ;
 And then I would, O that I might !
 A constant weeper be !

187

FAR from me be grief and sadness,
 Farther still unhallowed mirth,
 Zion's sons may sing for gladness ;
 Theirs are joys of nobler birth ;
 Jesus owns them, Jesus owns them,
 He is Lord of heaven and earth.

2 All the worldlings' mirth is madness,
 All their labor fruitless toil ;
 'Tis the saints that taste of gladness,
 Though the world their choice revile ;
 Sweet their portion, sweet their portion,
 Life is in the Savior's smile.

3 Once the world was all our treasure,
 Then the world our hearts possessed ;

But we taste sublimer pleasure,
 Since the Lord has made us blessed ;
 We can witness, we can witness,
 Jesus gives his people rest.

4 Though unseen I love the Savior,
 He has brought salvation near ;
 Manifests his pardoning favor ;
 And when Jesus doth appear,
 Soul and body, soul and body,
 Shall his glorious image bear.

5 This hath set me all on fire,
 Strongly glows the flame of love ;
 Higher mounts my soul, and higher
 Struggles for its swift remove ;
 Then I'll praise him, then I'll praise him
 In a nobler strain above.

188

P. M.

MAN in his first creation,
 In Eden God did place,
 Both sole head and governor,
 Of all the human race ;
 But by the subtle serpent,
 Beguil'd he was and fell,
 And by his disobedience,
 Was doomed to death and hell.

2 Death was pronounced upon him,
 Death was the penalty,
 The law was violated,
 And must fulfilled be ;
 And man, poor helpless creature,
 Unable to perform,

The smallest jot or tittle,
To build his hopes upon.

3 While in this situation,
A promise there was made,
The offspring of the woman
Should bruise the serpent's head.
Against the power of Satan,
That man might only feel,
The malice of the serpent,
Enraging at his heel.

4 Now at the time appointed,
Jesus unveiled his face,
Assumed our humble nature
And suffered in our place;
He suffered on mount Calvary,
And ransomed all for me,
The law demands attention,
To pay the penalty.

5 With ruggd thorns they crown'd Him,
And nail'd him to the tree,
All nature seemed to mourn,
To behold their cruelty.
But justice cried against him,
Come pay me all that's due,
'Tis what thou'st undertaken
And sure thou must go through.

6 They laid him in a sepulchre
It being near at hand,
The grave now could not hold him,
Nor death's cold iron band.
He burst them all asunder,
And pull'd their kingdoms down,

He's overcome his enemies,
And wears a starry crown.

7 Now at the resurrection
To many he appear'd,
Saying tell to my disciples,
What you have seen and heard.
Go tell them I am risen,
My suffering time is o'er,
I'm going to my Father
To reign forevermore.

8 He came to his disciples,
And found them all alone,
He gave them their commission
To make his gospel known ;
Saying teach it to all people,
Baptizing in my name,
Beginning at Jerusalem,
'T was there I suffered shame.

9 Go teach it to all nations,
That they may hear and know ;
Go publish free salvation,
That men to heaven may go.
In every sore temptation,
I'll speedy succor send ;
And lo I will be with you,
Until the world shall end.

189

11s.

LIKE a ship, see the church, thro' the ocean she rolls ;
She's freighted with grace, and well mann'd out
with souls !

'Midst whirlwinds and tempests she sails thro' the world,
While storms of temptation against her are hurl'd.

2 She's bound from the world, through the tempest
she flies,
She mounts o'er the billows, is bound for the skies;
While Christ stands at helm no danger she'll fear,
Her captain and pilot knows which way to steer.

3 She stops not to anchor in harbors below,
But o'er life's rough billows her true course doth go;
The highlands of heaven she still keeps in view;
Intends there to anchor and there land her crew.

4 While hell and her legions around her do roar,
Like waves of the ocean which break on the shore;
She steers her course onward, nor heeds the alarm,
With Christ in the vessel, she smiles at the storm.

5 The ebb-tide of nature, which feeds the dead sea,
And the gulf of confusion, together agree,
To hinder her progress, her march to oppose;
She spreads forth her canvass and outsails her foes.

6 She's hated by worldlings, despised by fools,
Who sail the black sea till they shipwreck their souls!
She kindly invites them their course to bewail,
Yet tarries not for them, but spreads the more sail.

7 She's rapidly sailing, with strong gales of love,
And soon will strike soundings on fair coasts above;
Make the highlands of heaven, and enter the road,
And anchor, for e'er in the kingdom of God.

CHORUSES.

SHOUT, O! glory, O! glory—
Crowns of glory we shall wear.
Crowns of glory—palms of victory—
Crowns of glory we shall wear.

CHILDREN, children bear the cross :
 Count all earthly things but dross :
 There's a better day a coming—
 Come go along with me—
 There's a better day a coming—
 Go sound the Jubilee.

Converts, &c.

Christians, &c.

I'm going, going to fly away home ;
 I'm travelling to a city out of sight ;
 I am going, going to fly away home ;
 I'm travelling to the New Jerusalem.

JESUS says he will be with us to the end
 For he has been with us and he now is
 with us.

And he's promised to be with us to the end

FIGHT on, ye conquering souls, fight on
 And when the conquest you have won,
 Then palms of victory you shall bear,
 And in God's kingdom have a share,
 And crowns of glory ever wear
 In endless day.

O THAT will be joyful !
 Joyful, joyful, joyful !
 O that will be joyful !
 When we meet to part no more.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN.
A CHARGE to keep I have, - -	131
A fountain in Jesus which runs, &c. -	46
Afflictions though they seem severe,	169
Ah! whither should I go, - - -	78
Alas! and did my Savior bleed, -	54
All-hail the power of Jesus' name, -	120
Almighty Savior, here we stand, -	79
A little while longer here below, -	154
Am I a soldier of the cross, - - -	1
And let this feeble body fail, - -	100
Arise, and shine, O Zion fair, - -	117
Arise, my soul, arise, - - - -	55
As on the cross, the Savior hung, -	27
As near to Calvary I pass, - - -	183
As Jacob on his journey went, -	185
Awake my soul to joyful lays, - -	126
Away my doubts, begone my fear, -	143
A poor wayfaring man of grief, - -	157
BEHOLD the grave where Jesus lay,	83
Be thy kingdom, Lord, promoted, -	108
Blest be the dear, uniting love, -	113
Blessed Savior, callest thou me, - -	124
Blow ye the trumpet, blow, - - -	105
Brethren, we have met for worship, -	12
Brethren, while we sojourn here, -	23
Burst, ye emerald gates and bring, -	87
By whom was David taught, - - -	33

CALLED to a sense of duty, - - -	11
Children of Zion, what harp notes, &c.	9
Children of the heavenly king, - - -	14
Christians, if your hearts be warm, -	8
Come all ye sons of Zion, - - -	-
Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, -	5
Come anxious sinner, in whose breast,	3
Come let us use the grace divine, -	12
Come, my brethren, let us try, - - -	2
Come thou fount of every blessing, -	2
Come, we that love the Lord, - - -	3
Come ye disconsolate, - - -	1
Come ye sinners, poor and needy, -	7
Come brothers will you go, &c. -	15
Come ye converts, come and welcome,	18
Come saints and banish every fear, -	14
DARK and thorny is the desert, - - -	16
Descend, celestial Dove, - - -	8
Did Christ o'er sinners weep, - - -	14
Drooping saints, no longer grieve, -	5
FAREWELL, vain world, I bid adieu,	139
Far from me be grief and sadness, -	187
Fly, thou heavenly gospel message, -	102
Friends for whom a Savior died, -	109
From Greenland's icy mountain, -	103
From whence doth this union arise, -	21
GLORY to God that I have found, -	15
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, -	135
HAIL, God the Father, heavenly, &c.	112
Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds, -	107
Hail thou blest morn, &c. - - -	38

ail thou once despised Jesus, - -	130
ail ye sighing sons of sorrow, - -	99
ail heavenly love that first began, - -	175
ark, listen to the trumpeters, - -	115
ark, my soul, it is the Lord, - -	50
ark! what cry arrests my ear, - -	101
e dies, the Friend of sinners dies, - -	71
earken ye sprightly, &c. - -	171
ow can I sleep when angels sing, - -	137
ow firm a foundation, &c. - -	18
ow happy every child of grace, - -	72
ow happy is the pilgrim's lot, - -	65
ow lost was my condition, - -	90
ow precious is the name, &c. - -	5
ow tedious and tasteless the hours, - -	63
ow happy is the man who has chosen, &c.	166
ow sweet to reflect on those joys, &c.	124
CALL to my remembrance, - -	152
ove my Lord, I love his laws, - -	4
ove to steal awhile away, - -	41
n not ashamed to own my Lord, - -	76
all my Lord's appointed ways, - -	85
evil long I took delight, - -	2
ould not live alway, - - -	77
ERUSALEM , my happy home, - -	49
us, and shall it ever be, - -	95
us, I my cross have taken, - -	61
us my all to heaven has gone, - -	3
us, to every willing mind, - -	43
ET every mortal ear attend, - -	138
t thy kingdom, blessed Savior, - -	184
t up your hearts, Immanuel's, &c.	92

Lift up your hearts to things above,	-	97
Like a ship, see the church, &c.	-	183
Lord, at thy temple we appear,	-	69
Lord, when together here we meet,	-	129
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear,	-	163
Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending,	-	47
Low down in the beautiful valley,	-	177
MERCY, O thou son of David,	-	111
Mid scenes of confusion, &c.	-	114
Man in his first creation,	-	188
Millions there are on heathen ground,	-	132
Morning breaks upon the tomb,	-	6
My Christian friends, in bonds of love,	-	141
My days, my weeks, my months, &c.	-	61
NOW behold the Savior pleading,	-	1
O CARELESS sinner, come,	-	12
O could my soul this morning rise,	-	6
O for a closer walk with God,	-	5
O for a heart that loves to pray,	-	9
O for that tenderness of heart,	-	13
O how happy are they,	-	4
O hark my gay friends, &c.	-	14
O land of rest, for thee I sigh,	-	16
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,	-	6
Once more in the Redeemer's name,	-	9
O stagger not through unbelief,	-	15
O tell me no more, &c.	-	8
O tell me where the dove has flown,	-	14
O thou in whose presence, &c.	-	6
O turn, ye poor sinners, &c.	-	6
Our dearest Lord, look from above,	-	8
Our souls by love together knit,	-	5
O when shall I see Jesus, &c.	-	4

OUR mourning souls, in deep distress,	56
Pray on my brethren in the Lord,	8
Prayer was appointed to convey,	181
Parents and children there may part,	174
RELIGION is a most glorious treasure,	151
Rouse ye at the Savior's call,	158
SALEM'S bright king, Jesus by name,	80
Salvation ! O, the joyful sound,	32
Saw ye my Savior,	9
Say, sinner, hath a voice within,	91
See the eternal Judge descending,	125
Sinners, this solemn truth regard,	96
Sinners, will you scorn the message,	51
Sinner, hear the Savior call,	150
Sinners, turn, why will ye die,	123
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,	121
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,	116
THE day is past and gone,	25
The gospel trumpet has been blown,	48
The Lord into his garden comes,	35
The pleasures of earth, &c.	75
The pure testimony, &c.	17
The people called Christians,	141
The glorious light of Zion, &c.	179
There is a fountain filled with blood,	111
There is an hour of peaceful rest,	70
There is a land of pure delight,	136
There is an hour divinely blest,	177
This night my soul has caught new fire,	161
This a point I long to know,	58
This morning, most sweetly, &c.	176
To-day, if you will hear his voice,	66
To leave my dear friends, &c.	26

'To the flowing stream of Jordan,	-	82
Together let us sweetly live,	- - -	163
WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,	-	106
Welcome, sweet day of rest,	- - -	36
We're travelling home to heaven, &c.	-	155
What heavenly music do I hear,	- - -	28
What various hind'rances we meet,	-	88
What is this that steals, &c.	- - -	164
What ship is this that is now sailing by,	-	182
What sinners value I resign,	- - -	44
When sorrows encompass me around,	-	134
When I can read my title clear,	- - -	34
When marshall'd on the nightly plain,	-	24
When shall we all meet again,	- - -	140
When strangers stand and hear me tell,	-	31
When thou, my righteous Judge, &c.	-	13
When Joseph his brethren beheld,	-	168
When converts first begin to sing,	- - -	167
When for the eternal world I steer,	-	146
Where is now a righteous Noah,	-	165
Where two or three, with sweet accord	-	19
While Jesus dwelt on earth below,	- - -	110
Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger,	-	22
While nature was smiling,	- - -	172
While with ceaseless course the sun,	-	122
Why sleep we, my brethren,	- - -	74
Why, O my soul, why weepest thou,	- - -	186
With love of pity I look round,	-	178
Will you go, sinner, go,	- - -	170
Will you come to the cross, &c.	-	153
Ye objects of sense and enjoyments, &c.	-	42
Yes, my native land, I love thee,	-	104
Young people all attention give,	- - -	37
Ye burden'd souls to Jesus come,	-	148





